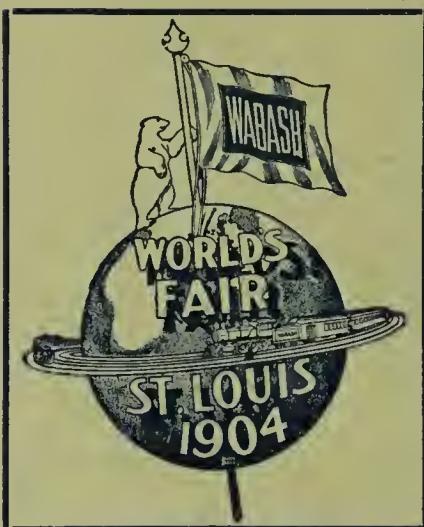


The American Cartoonist magazine

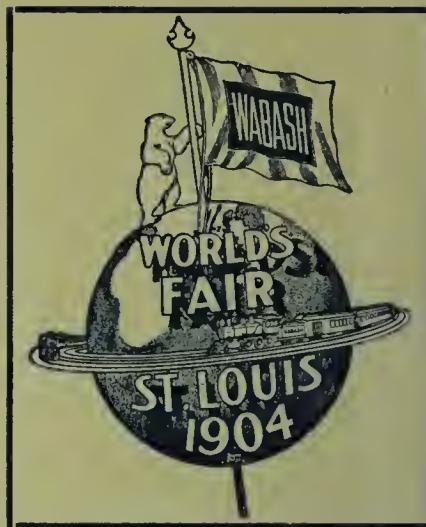


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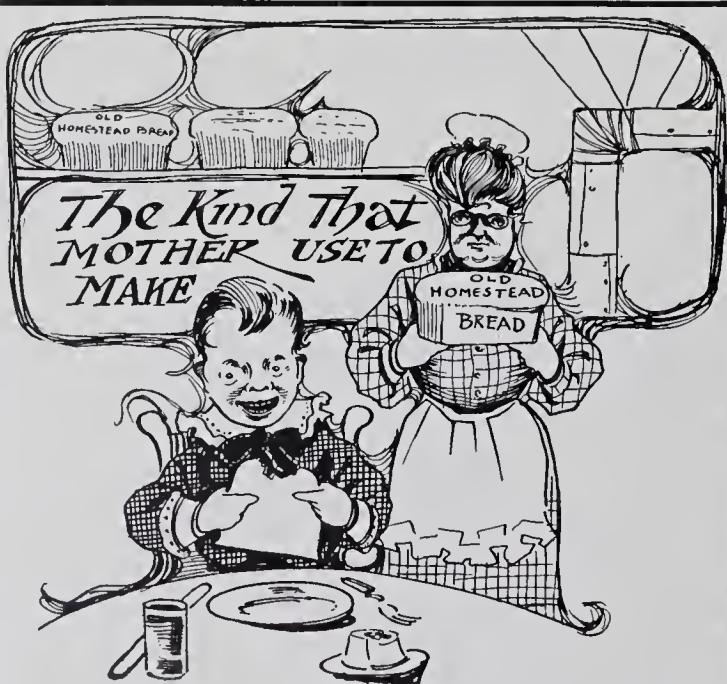


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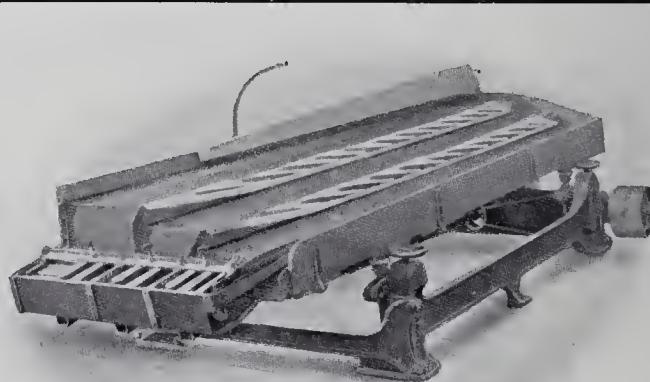


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By Frederick Richardson
for the Chicago Daily News

The Property Room of the Clever Cartoonist.

The American Cartoonist

WHEREIN THE NEWSPAPER
SKETCHERS—SKETCH, AND SCRIBBLERS—SCRIBBLE

Volume Two

JUNE, 1904

Number One



NOW, one word to you subscribers:

Many misunderstandings and losses of your magazines would be avoided, and the office boy and the casual caller who delights in picking up odd bits of literature which lie around loose would be thwarted, if you would be particular to send us your residence addresses.

The Education of the Newspaper Artist

The Academic Side

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK RICHARDSON

CONCLUDED

IF THERE is no reason why a newspaper artist should not have a common school education and some idea of affairs of the day, there is no reason why he should not be able to draw—a little.

If this statement appears too obvious, kindly turn to the shameless cuts that confront us in too many newspapers. The public may be kindly in such matters as draughtsmanship, and ignorant, but it does not help the blatant young cut-maker to abuse it.

Be able to draw—if you can't, learn how somehow. It may not be necessary to go through a long course of academical training to acquire sound draughtsmanship, but you need not keep up difficulties for yourself by attempting to evade the necessity.

Some very clever and successful men have never drawn in a school a day in their lives, and some who have drawn in a school for years will never do anything clever or successful. So don't be led astray. So many young artists try to prepare themselves for actual work on papers in such a short time that they attempt to hold a position with a too meagre equipment. The result is failure, or very slow advancement. It is the longest way in the end and the most unprofitable.

How you learn to draw is not so much as the fact that you learn. Nevertheless if you go to a school, go where you get the severest academic training possible. Remember you have to learn how to draw well and rapidly. Rapidity is acquired by knowledge of construction and not by haste.

A knowledge of construction comes by careful and intelligent study, and not by an attempt to be superficially clever. The human figure should be studied to a knowledge of its parts and action, and not as a character sketch. If a study of the antique is advisable as a preparation for study from the life, don't think you are wasting time. You may waste it, but you need not. As to the amount of time to be spent in this study, it is impossible to say. From six months to a thousand years, depending on your intelligence wholly.

But don't come out and do the work fifty per cent of your kind is doing. Remember there are several things you can know, even if you are a newspaper artist, without distension of the intelligence—perspective, composition, anatomy and some of the history pertaining to art. Is newspaper illustration so far outside the realms of art that its followers are as ignorant of its ethics as any mere outsider? It is sadly true, and the few that could rise in protest won't. It is not hard to understand when you turn it on its back and look at the commercial side of the question. There is the explanation why so many young men—I do not say artists—rush in to prepare themselves by any hurried means possible for a paying position drawing for a newspaper. It is useless to argue against or advise with this position. It is regrettable that they should not realize the best means to their own end.

Outside of a limited amount of wash drawing the only medium to be considered is pen and ink. This question of medium is apt to be considered by

the student as so vital that everything is sacrificed to it. "Let me be clever, I care not what else I am," is the motto that usually lodges somewhere near the newspaper art student's hat. It is here that imitation does its worst work, for the student is apt, in his admiration for the pen and ink work of some one, to copy the technique, forgetting the knowledge of drawing and construction that the handling is built on. A copier of pen strokes and not an emulator of sound example.

If the student has not an individual expression born in him, nothing will produce a more effective style of handling than to study for drawing, values and mass, with no thought of how it should be handled. The handling will come of itself if these alone are in mind.

Of course, any one working for reproduction knows the mechanical necessity of clean black lines, and will take the printing of his particular paper into consideration in deciding how close he may work. Many regard working in oils as the best preparation for pen and ink, as it forces the working for mass and the brush follows the planer.

The memory should be cultivated by drawing figures and objects observed during the day. In this way you learn to search for the salient features of the thing you are to draw. You look for the construction and the masses of color. Such work is the best preparation for the study of animals, and you are likely to need the common domestic animals, especially horses. Of course, it helps your sketching, for it always makes you more dependent upon knowledge than upon the thing before you, and that is the kind of drawing you will need.

To what extent you study landscape, boats, interiors or any particular branch, depends on your own taste, but you should have an all-around knowledge of common things that you will require in the settings you use afterward.

The best thing to practice in learning to draw for a newspaper is rapidity. When the previously cited qualities are acquired; good constructive drawing, big simple masses of good color, a feeling for the action and a care for the good placement of a drawing, then—practice rapidity. Do this by seeking to eliminate all but the necessary lines and masses, and by becoming so certain of these that rapidity is the result of surety and not of haste.

If you will keep the journalistic end of your work, as spoken of in the last article, in proper relation to the academic, you will be able to see, step by step, in which way you should bend your drawing to meet the demands of the other. There are many devices, as spoken of in the way of supposed assignments, rapid sketches in the courts, at fires, or of accidents, and all these may be tried as practice, but don't forget the most important thing—the sound academical drawing.

And this brings us to the cartoonists and caricaturists. How few we have in this country that can draw—like Leander, for instance. Yet there seems no reason why they should not, except that criticism has not demanded it. If it is thought necessary for the assignment artist to know the figure, how much more for the caricaturist, whose work is the distortion of construction. It is only upon a good knowledge of construction that a good caricature can be done.

Of course, it is not the office-boy brand of comic drawing that we are speaking of. It is not supposed that in that class the ambition lies to make the art of newspaper drawing as self-respecting and as worthy of serious consideration from the point of art as any of the graphic arts. As there is no school for humor, unless one that started in Wisconsin is running, it is difficult to dissect a funny drawing and tell how it was made funny.

No drawing can stand a surgical operation of that kind. A drawing is funny as it expresses the sense of humor in the artist. As the sense of humor varies from the horse brand to the delicately amusing in different artists, you can not make it other than an individual matter. But if no one can help you in making you funnier than you are, you may look for assistance in the matter of originality, style, color, etc. In fact, I think you ought to be helped, for a large part of the cartoonists of the country are the victims of one conventional style of doing a cartoon that has no more reason than the conventional cross-patch of which it is fabricated.

It seems useless for a young artist to let himself be swallowed up in this mass of imitation, of which mediocrity is made, and not make the exertion to lift himself above it by the exertion of doing something original.



My Recessional

BY HENRY C. WARNACK

Lord God of heaven and of earth,
Forgive a fool a fool's mad mirth,
Forgive a fool a fool's sad birth—
Lord God of heaven and of earth.

Her

BY S. E. KISER

MR. FRANCIS CHESTER managing editor of the *Review*, had been at a late supper the night before and felt sleepy and stupid. There were about a dozen stories and poems that had been passed along by the readers for his approval—and there was also a little poem by Eunice Walton. It had come in an envelope addressed to Mr. Chester personally, and as he saw the name under the last line he sat up straight and forgot other matters completely.

He had first met Miss Walton at the home of one of his friends, about a month before, and at once became interested in her. At least he thought that was it. Perhaps it was something more. He glanced at the opening lines of the poem:

“When thy hand first touched mine, sweetheart,
I understood as if the leaves
That hold our story, spread apart,
Had shown me all—”

He drew a long breath and put the manuscript down. His thoughts went back to that happy night of their first meeting. He remembered how they had sat together in a corner of the library, talking about literature and art and the people who were writing and making the pictures, while the others there had gossiped and flocked around an amateur palmist and laughed over the things he told them.

Miss Walton’s knowledge of letters had surprised him. He had always had a suspicion that only plain girls were likely to be clever. It was singular that he and she never had become known to each other before.

After that first evening their meetings at the homes of their friends became more and more frequent, and the discussions along literary lines continued.

Now here was Francis Chester, thirty-five and getting gray, with burning cheeks and something unruly in his breast because a girl just out of school had written a poem and sent it to him who turned a scornful back upon bushels of poetry every day. He looked down at the manuscript again—

“When thy hand first touched mine, sweetheart—”

It occurred to him that those of his friends who knew Miss Walton had never been so given to entertaining people as during the past few weeks,



Poem

DRAWINGS BY
D. S. GROESBECK

They were continually inviting him in to dinner or something and he was continually meeting her at these affairs. He could remember when he would much rather have stayed at home with his books and his work than permit himself to be stuffed at formal dinners and late suppers. Aside from the wear and tear of such things on the system he had been of the opinion that they involved a serious waste of time. But since that evening when he and Eunice Walton had sat in the corner, fondling their friend’s rare books, dyspepsia seemed to have lost its terrors for him, and he found that he needed recreation. He discovered that he had been making a hermit of himself. He must get out more and mingle with people. It would not do for him to become a recluse. A good deal of this passed through his dreamy mind as he sat there holding Miss Walton’s poem before him.

The supper the night before had been particularly late. And she had not been there. He had been sorry all through the forenoon that he had not excused himself and gone home early. He felt that as a result of his loss of sleep he was in no condition for work, and he had been bored anyway. A young woman from Boston had wanted to talk to him about the Neo-Ruskinites, and he had no taste for Neo-Ruskinites, whatever they were, or are.

He looked again at the signature attached to the poem, and said to himself:

“What a graceful hand she writes. I like women to write gracefully. I can’t imagine a graceful or beautiful woman writing a cramped, ugly hand.”

He yawned and turned to the beginning of the poem again—

“When thy hand first touched mine, sweetheart,
I understood as if—”

The hand in which he held the manuscript dropped suddenly upon his desk. What did she



Threw himself back in the chair and gazed out of the window.

mean? She had sent her poem to him personally, instead of addressing it to the editor. Could it be that she wished to let him know—? He shook his head.

The red went from his cheeks. He knew Eunice Walton well enough to be positive that she would never take any such means of hinting to him that she had guessed what he now suddenly found was in his heart. Then, having discovered his love, he at once became jealous and suspicious. Somebody else had inspired these lines and she had sent them to him, presuming that they might thus receive attention which would not be given to them if they went through the ordinary channel. A rebellious feeling began to stir in him, and he rapidly drifted to the conclusion that a sinful attempt had been made to impose upon him.

He tossed the poem aside and took up another manuscript. After reading half a page of the typewritten story without having the remotest idea what it was about he threw himself back in his chair and gazed out of the window at nothing.

After all, he finally decided, what reason was there for believing Eunice's lines were addressed to anybody in particular? He thought of her as she had appeared that first evening. He could see her again as she sat there looking frankly into his eyes, and he could hear her soft, sweet voice, with its every musical cadence and intonation. He took up the poem again, thinking he would read it through—

"When thy hand first touched mine, sweetheart,
I understood as if the leaves
That hold our story, spread apart,
Had shown me all my soul believes;
When—"

He halted suddenly in his reading. He could not consent to the rhyming of "leaves" with "believes." Something like a pang went to his heart, and he felt that he would have given much if Eunice Walton had never written those lines. Yet there they were, sent to him personally. He drew a long sigh and ran the fingers of his left hand up through his hair.

"Confound it," he said to himself, "why will people write poetry, anyway?"

Then he read on through the first stanza, gathering courage, and beginning to hope that the poem would be good enough to make a faulty rhyme or two excusable. But his heart sank before he had proceeded far. There was nothing in the verses to warrant their acceptance, or furnish an excuse for their publication. He sat for a long time, looking at the poem as through a haze, and tried to think what he could do with it. He thought of sending it back, with a letter explaining that they had so much poetry already accepted that—but no. He could not give such an excuse to Eunice Walton, and life began to seem a wearisome, unprofitable thing as he thought of the improbability of his ever being able to win her love if the poem were returned, no matter what ex-

planation went with it. He knew her pride, and he knew also how people generally take these rejections. He thought of taking it to her personally and offering to help improve the lines where they were at fault, but immediately gave up the idea. She was proud with a pride that he liked. It should not be destroyed by him, nor would he deliberately turn it against himself. He sat gazing at that first line,

"When thy hand first touched mine, sweetheart—"

Why not tear the poem up, and pretend, if she ever referred to it, that it never had reached him? Perhaps she would not mention it until after he had won her love and claimed her forever as his own. Then he could explain all about it. Still such a course would be unprofessional and unfair.

He put his elbows on the desk and bent forward, laying his face in his hands. After a while Eunice Walton's poem turned itself into a homely tale and this simplified matters.

"We can use it as a new Lincoln story," he said to himself. "Lincoln stories are always in order. Anything that is labeled a Lincoln story will go."

He felt a great joy over having found this way



He was standing beside his desk clutching her manuscript in his hand.

out of his dilemma, but was roused from his happy dream by a touch on the shoulder.

"There's a lady here wants to see you," said the office boy.

As Chester glanced toward the door Eunice Walton entered, blushing and saying:

"Mr. Chester, I beg your pardon for disturbing you—and I don't know what you will think of me for—coming here. But I—I mailed some verses to you yesterday—and—and, may I have them back—please?"

He was standing beside his desk, full of wonder at her beauty and oblivious of the fact that he was clutching her manuscript in his hand.

"I only discovered this morning, after reading my lines over again," she went on, "that there is a faulty rhyme, and I wouldn't have it published for— for anything."

The office boy had retired. Chester and the lady were alone.

They must have made a satisfactory arrangement concerning the poem, for he declared, as he put it in his most inside pocket, that it should be to him a priceless treasure forever.

Later, as they were parting, she said:

"No, dear, please—not here. Wait till you come to me, this evening."

But he was, of course, too much of a man to take her at her word.



BY TOM THURLBY

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Three bad men.
See how they run.
They are all after the editor's life.
Each of them carries a bowie knife
And a great big gun.

Three sad men.
See how they sneak.
The ed. was out, but his wife was in.
She unlimbered her voluble chin
And she did speak!



THE FLAW IN MOREFLAWS'

BY
WM. HAMILTON
CLINE

DRAWINGS BY
ALBERT T. REID

Come list to a tale of dark deceit,
Told by a man who did long to eat,
And wet his throat with generous draught,
Most freely—
—*Lays of a Liar.*

CAME to us, that hot, humid night, The Bum. And this was the way of it: We two sat in our chairs, out on the sidewalk, in front of the Hotel Centropolis. Our feet rested easily, higher than our heads, and our post-prandial cigars glowed like fireflies in the heavy atmosphere. The roar of the city traffic discouraged conversation, so we sat and smoked and wondered whether it should be the roof garden or the summer park for our evening. But we finally left it to fate, and I tossed a coin that Dick might take heads or tails. The cast was faulty, however, and the silver jangled on the stone walk and rolled into the gutter.

And then, we saw The Bum. He came to us out of the thick darkness, beyond the glare of the sputtering arcs, into the mass of bugs which swirled and circled in the brilliancy, making the summer night pestiferous. Deftly he snatched the coin, made two or three passes with it, palmed it right before our eyes, picked it out of thin air and the bug-swarm, made it appear and disappear at will, and, finally, bowing low, presented it me, standing on its edge on a bit of a stick he found on the pavement. And Dick and I looked at each other in amaze, and nodded. We thought we saw our summer-night's entertainment cut out for us then and there, but with a courtly bow and a fine smile, our friend, The Bum, headed about and started away. Now, when one finds a bum who juggles good coin that he rescues from the gutter, toys with it and then returns it, with courtly manner, adding no whine at hunger, no miserable snarl of beggary, one does not part with him in such fashion, and we laid detaining hands upon him.

"Son of Ishmael," said Dick, "art thirsty? Wouldst wet thine whistle?"

"Nay, not so," replied our astonishing find, "but though I have a thirst as long as the murky,

muddy, meandering Missouri, I may not touch the fiery, fatal fluid. But I'll tell you what I will do," he went on, dropping into the vernacular, "I'll put away inside me all the beefsteak and onions you two are willing to pay for!"

"Done!" we cried; and into the gorgeousness of the Centropolis cafe we lugged that outcast of earth.

Big John, the head waiter, scorned our protege.

"He cayn't eat in heah, Misteh Forrest, Misteh James," said he loftily, "this air a place foh gemmen."

"Step lively," said I, "the gentleman will dine—or your tips die right now."

So when two steaks, half a peck of potatoes, three cups of coffee, and other frills in kind, had added their combined efficacy to cheer up our meandering friend, we lit fresh cigars and tilted away back in ease again.

"And now," said Dick, "tell us about it."

"From the beginning?" asked The Bum.

"Yes; cut loose!"

"Ah," sighed The Bum, "I am become raconteur to my hosts. In other words, must 'Little Tommy Tucker sing for his supper.' Well, then it was in this wise that I once lost fame and fortune, when I had them cinched, and all because of an Englishman.

"Not alway was I thus. In younger days, I had good clothes, good manners, good prospects. And then, in my golden youth, came to our town, Moreflaws' Monstrous Megatherium of Mastodonic Marvels and Meretricious Molecules—three circuses in one, triple rings, menagerie and sideshows, and pitched on my dad's back lot. All day, I carried water for the beasts, and that night, on a free pass, I entered, and I sat on the soft side of a plank and



"Palmed it right before our eyes."

beheld fairyland. I marvelled at Signor Bologna on the flying trapeze; I gaped at Mons. Macaroni's jump over seventeen elephants and a mule; and I wondered at Col. Carter Carteret, who drove twelve horses in the hippodrome. But, mostly, my eye clung to Mlle. Millicente, the Floating Fairy of the Flying Rings, and Signorina Sciccia, the Scintillating Searcher of the Starry Skies, whose scary leap from the tent roof was 'the most soul-stirring sensation of the century'—I quote from the bills themselves, that there be no doubt of this truth. So when the show broke up that night, it was me to the tall timber of the pole-wagon, as official minion of the water-bucket brigade, due to become a payroll employe when I showed efficiency sufficient to make me worth more than food and found. And thus, my Genesis.

"I spare you, gentlemen, all the intervening years. 'Suffice it to say,' as my newspaper friends have it, that I grew in age and in my profession. So I was graduated from waterboy to the pachyderms to waiter to the armless wonder; from courtier in the Peerless Parade of Palatial Progress to be Mons. Rubbernecki, the man with the flexible skin; from Mons. Micki, the Monstrous Mastodonic Muscleman, who juggled cannon balls and lions, to Herr Hoppertz, the Hippodrome Hurdler of Humanity. And then, because I could change my face no more, I was pensioned off, and made a—Press Agent!"

And, with that, came tears to his eyes, though he said it was only the cigar smoke. But we consoled with him—Dick had once written a letter which was published in a newspaper, and we felt a fellow feeling.

"Go on, Poor Pencil Pusher," cried I; "we extend our sympathy. Have a drink?"

"Not yet," quoth our entertainer, modifiedly and qualifidly, "wait till the deep, dark depths of despair are delved into."

"It was thus I learned to murder the mother tongue, tie knots in sentences, and overwhelm the eye with outrageous animadversions. I revelled in rhythmic runes and rondels, and wallowed in wordy wastes of wantonness. I wrote windy wraithes of words, and constructed continual conglomerations of congested convolutions. I learned to linger longingly and lovingly over lengthy lines, and life to me slipped by softly in specious superlatives. I thought, ate and drank—especially drank—them, and all my atmosphere was aerated with exaggeration. And thus I struck the downward path.

"But you wanted truth, and you shall have it. I skip, then, all the tricks of the trade; the inventions of idiocy, whereby the public was persuaded—the whitewashed elephant, the shaved yak, which thereby became the blood-sucking, man-slaying bovolopus; the muley cow, which did duty as the sacred ox of the Ganges, and all the rest; they are known to fame and to you. Pass on with me, gentlemen, over the years of my apprenticeship, and see me, finally, in London, the Moreflaws' Mastodonic Matchless and Monstrous Moving Marvel, installed in Crystal palace, and it's up to me to keep the shack full, twice daily, rain or shine, at two-and-six per fill. And me at my wits' ends to put appreciation into those blarsted bloomin' Britishers! Ah, others now find London an easy mark, but we were the pioneers. And remember, gentlemen, that we had to deal with people who never see a joke till next week; who preposterously believe all the show bills say, and demand a sight of every animal advertised! Ah, can you wonder at my depression? The recollections bring my heart into my throat—"

"How about that libation now?" I asked.

"How can I refuse aught to so good listeners?" came from The Bum. Thereupon to the bar. And soon a high-ball illuminated his intellect and warmed the cockles of his heavy heart, and he smiled again.

"Again, gentlemen, let silence draw her cloak about those weeks of weary waiting and watching. Let me forget, in duty to my immortal soul, the things I did. Surely, in the Great Book, they should not be charged against me without an offset, due to the sort of people I worked amongst. But let me now revert to that day that should have crowned my head with laurel and wreathed my brow with bay. The day when the sun shone on Moreflaws' Mastodonic—you know. For the Prince of Wales—he's king now, God bless him—had heard of our Marvelous, Meretricious, etc., and had signified his intention of attending! And I was having a fit of joy.

"You know, gentlemen, how those things are done over the pond? Royalty's cachet will make or mar; yet you dare not invite royalty to attend. You are 'commanded' to appear before them. Naturally, we could not do that, so our command was to prepare for a personal visit.

"Of course, there are ways and ways of attracting attention, especially to so weird, wild and welcome a world of wonders as was ours, and because a monkey, gaily garbed, chanced to take a playbill into

the window of the Prince's apartments in Sandringham, am I to blame for that? We'll be charitable, and let that pass, I presume? Thank you," as we nodded. "But, on an eventful evening, came command to prepare for the Prince, his party and his people, for one week hence, and the whole show had a spasm of joy!

"Of course, being press agent, I then had duties devolve upon me. One was to acquaint the public, through the press, of the Prince's proposal, to patronize our highly moral and educational exhibition of nature's extremes. Me, then, to send for a bunch of reporters.

"English reporters are real gentlemen, they'd have you know, and they all wear top-hats and frock coats. To inveigle them in, I had a member of my staff from their ranks, who out-Englished the best of them. He was to meet and greet them in their own deah way, when they wandered our way. But so far, they did not wander; we could not get a line from them. Even this time, it took tremendous trouble to trail them there, but finally they came, and my special Englishman pumped hot air into them till they looked like airships. And the next day we had columns, all free, and that night we turned 'em away! Moreflaws' Mastodonic had arrived!

"I had a week, now, in which to get the advance benefit of royalty's coming, and its regal and regnant endorsement of our recrudescence, and I worked it hard. First, I put up the royal box for the Prince, his party and his people, and I dragged this along so that everyone would point it out every night. It was all decorated, and, of course, it shut off the view of two whole sections, but I found I could get double rates for those seats and sell them twice over—once for the show, once for the concert—to persons, mostly Americans, who wanted to sit near where royalty was to rest, so it was a great thing. And every night, my English helper had the newspaper men as guests, and they'd wander around in them high hats and long coats and solemn mien, and look, and then go back and write columns. Oh, I had unlimited advertising, and things were booming.

"And all the time, I kept the dead walls delightfully decorated with bills, announcing in audacious annals, the endorsement by the Prince of our 'highly heducational hand honly honest hexibition.' Anything endorsed by royalty goes over there; that is the stamp of approval, and so it was me to make the most of the music. I issued invitations to all the nobility to attend that night—at double rates, of course—and I had fake files of ticket takers before the vans all day and night. Oh, gentlemen, it was the proudest moment of my young life—the very most!"

The tinkle of the ice in the next high-ball brought The Bum back to his muttons once more, and again the alliterative flow of elegant English was resumed:

"But, fellow sufferers from fleeting thirst, only one thing stood in my way to complete success. It was the peculiar pleasure and passion of the Prince

for private peeps. In other words, he must take his joys apart from the populace, for royalty and the rabble are rigidly removed. Obviously, he could not, as with theatrical troupes, 'command' us to appear before him, because Moreflaws' Megatheriumic would have filled Sandringham several times over. And whoever heard of a circus without a crowd, blare, brass and bluster; glare and gold and glitter, sawdust and fakery? Ah, no; he had to have his circus with the horde. But he could see the menagerie without the mob, and he so decided. And it was because of this—

"Ah, friends of the friendless, pardon my emotion; 'tis now that I approach the chef d'oeuvre of my career; the crowning conglomeration of cleverness, the topmost of triumphs, the acme of audacious actuality. How shall I ever evolve another like thereunto? For in all my existence, I have yet to duplicate it! Bate your breathe and marvel.

"The Prince had promised to parade for me (though he did not term it that, of course,) and I wanted to return the compliment. I always did believe in reciprocity. Besides, I wanted something for people to talk about, to happen in that menagerie—something they could hear, because they would be barred from beholding it. It was up to me to prepare for the Prince a fit greeting. The Monstrous Mastadonic must make good; it must meet marvel with marvel, though the big top fall. It had made many mellifluous mouthing, and it must equal its exotic exhalations. In brief, purveyors of the plentiful, it must welcome the Prince as befitting his position; as never was prince or potentate welcomed before, in a Glittering, Generous and Gilded Galaxy of Gorgeousness and Glory, Gaiety and Glamor. And me to plan it!



"English reporters are real gentlemen."

"I pass again, my patrons, over the trying times trailing those days. Let me merely mention that I lost twenty-two pounds in four rounds of the sun and that sleep scarce came to my eyes. I was thin and thoroughly threshed out when I came through my trial, but I had triumphed—I had evolved an idea, ideal for irradiating with iridescence the incoming of the Imperial Imprudence—an idea like none ever thought of before, which would astound the universe, and hark back to Noah's time for a parallel. O, friends of my foolishness, such an idea it was!—and all to go to waste!"

"Have a fresh cigar," said I, "the pipe's drawing too well to stop right now, even for a drink."

"So help me, 'tis true—I had an idea," declared this Son of Scintillating Sentences, as he deftly lit his Havana, "Let me unfold its fearsomeness:

"I had no fears for full featuring of the visit, in the big show. The band would play 'God save the Queen' as the Prince entered, and the people would all rise, and 20,000 voices would join in the song, and there would be a speech, and much eclat. But think of the opportunity wasted in the menagerie, whither the Prince would go almost alone. But the marvel that mystery makes occurred to me, and then, I wanted something auditory to the admirers on the exterior, so noticeable that the papers would have to report it fully the next day, to satisfy a popular demand for knowledge of it. 'Mystery in the menagerie' I had early decided upon; 'make my pothatted reportorial writers cover it, post them, and presto, the trick is done.' And then it was that my idea came to me, and I shouted for joy.

"It's a good plan, me boy," said the Big Boss, when I unfolded it, "but chimerical. You can't do it."

"I will do it, or I will quit and walk home," I said.

"Done," said he, "and I give you joy of your walk."

"And forthwith, I went forth and bet every cent I had on its success.

"My idea, men of money, was this: When the future King should leave his private box to view the Veiled Viciousness of Field and Forest in the menagerie beyond, and its portals should be pressed by his Princely portliness, his people and his party, then, at that psychological moment, every denizen of a den, at the same second, should roar in unison—royalty of the wild should greet royalty of England, with one clamorous clangor and overpowering outcry, in spontaneous shriek—the kings of the jungle acknowledging dominion to the King (to be) of the greatest gathering of growing governmental grandeur on the globe! Ah, gentlemen!"

"Tremendous!" exclaimed we together, in a breath.

"Ah, I thank you; I thank you for this generous tribute; this spontaneous spurt of spirited appreciative awe."

"But impossible!" we said again, in dampening tones.

"Ah, say not so. Nothing is impossible; only improbable. And I carried this out—till that damned Englishman got in the game!"

We waited till the glasses were filled—he had become a human sponge—and then—

"I had a hurried, heart-to-heart talk with our electrician, and the plans were predicated. You are doubtless aware, through your theorizing, that electricity, suddenly shot through the body, gives a contracting shock to the muscles, and involuntarily starts the organs of speech to strident strenuousness? Didn't know that? Well, on that hypothesis we filed the fabric of my final fall. On it, I placed my plan, which was this.

"To the left hind foot of every animal in the aggregation should be engaged an electrode. A wire from everyone should reach a central switch, controlled by a push button at the entrance. Also, a ground wire should run from every cage, thus completing a circuit. Then, when the floor of a cage was well wet down, we would have a contact, and it would need but the button's pressing to carry a current clear from the central station through every animal on the instant. And spontaneously and simultaneously, the shock would cause that involuntary contracting of the vocal muscles which would end in that shriek and shout that I sought! And thus, I planned: As royalty would enter, I would press the button, and the beasts would do the rest; and the Prince would have a welcome such as never monarch marvelled at before."

"Oh, wonderful!" we exclaimed.

"You may not believe it, good sirs, but we did it. 'Twas a tremendous task. Leo, the Numidian lion, objected most, and we missed poor Pat O'Keefe after that. The tigers were surprisingly docile; being Royal Bengals, perhaps they appreciated the distinction conferred on them by proxy. But we had to chloroform the hyenas. One man was stepped on by the elephants, but he was only crippled. We had to give up the hippo, because his legs were too short, but he isn't much of a noise-maker, anyhow. We were afraid of damaging the giraffe, but we put a lightning rod on his head, and he seemed safe. So finally we had every beast in the barnyard carefully connected and conveniently conducted, and all we had to do was to turn on the current.

"Naturally, I knew there'd be a panic in that part of London when the uproar broke loose, and I didn't want my welcome wasted on a lot of witless wights. But to be sure of it, I just dallied with the delights for a little twist—gave 'em about half a quarter of a shock, you know. In other words, I heaved half an ampere into them, just to see how it would go. Ye gods, how she worked! Not since Noah herded into the Ark the ancient animals was such an uproar heard! The lions roared till their cages shook. The hyenas laughed like crazy men. The elephants trumpeted as an army in battle. The tigers growled; the leopards yelped, and the pythons hissed like a locomotive letting off steam. The sacred cow bellowed like the Bull of Bashan; the

seals coughed; the monkeys chattered and screamed; the two-headed calf bawled in a double-barreled key, and the whole menagerie sounded like Bedlam, the crack of doom, and the welkin ring, all rolled into one, and then some. All the confusion at the tower of Babel was but as the whisper of a maiden's first 'yes' to a Kansas cyclone, compared to this noise—this strange, composite howl of the Myrmidons of Majestic Might!

"And, remember, I had only given them a touch; had merely twitched their tails, as it were, compared to what was to happen to them—oh, it was a marvel! Already could I see in my mind's eye the astonishment of the Prince, and his wonder, and even I could imagine how those stolid British reporters would be shocked out of their air of superb supineness, into bursting with barrels of brilliancy, pent up perversely till tomorrow. And I knew that, after this broke into their benighted brains, they would do their daringest, and was satisfied. The battle was won.

"But still the Big Boss was skeptical.

"'It won't go' says he. 'You can't make it do.'

"'It's me that will,' I told him, 'or it's me to walk home.'

"'That's just what you will do,' says he. 'If this thing flukes, you foot it to your fatherland.'

"Then I knew that I could not fail.

"But—that Englishman! Shall I ever forget that fiend of fatalism? Never. Till the mighty bosom of sheol is congealed, I'll haunt him, and I'll hang him high if I hound him forever!

"He came to me next morning—the day the Prince was to arrive.

"'Me good fellah,' says he. 'Ye knew, 'taint right, y'knew, this gaime o' yours. 'Taint right t' th' r'yal family, y'knew! Hit's wrong t' make gaime o' th' H'imperial 'Ighness in that woy. Hi don't think we hotter do hit, y'knew.'

"'Look here, Cholmondeley,' says I—he called himself 'Chumley,' but that ain't the way he spelled it—'Look here,' says I, 'You are the audacious antithesis of all that's artistic. Let me give you fair warning: I've spent sleepless nights and silent days working up this waggish wickedness, and perfecting this patent plan. One chirp from you—damme, I'll kill you! It means my job to me!'

"'Hi know,' says he. 'Hi know. Hof course, Hi'm workin' for you; but Hi'm halso a subjeck o' th' Queen, God Bless 'er, hand Hi 'ate t' see gaime made of 'er son, y'knew. Hi horter warn 'im, y'knew.'

"'Never mind your loyalty now,' says I, 'mind your life. One word more and your life ain't worth a weasel's wink. Why, if you talk any more of peaching, I'll black your face and lock you up in the monkey cage, and make a chimpanzee out of you. I've a great notion to do so anyhow; we're shy one.. You swear right now to keep your head closed!'

"He swore he'd be good—he actually swore—"

The throat again worked dryly, and we supplied the ingredients. Also a fresh cigar. The climax

grew, and we thought they'd help him to last till the end.

"Shall I ever forget the florescence of that fatal Friday? In memory's misery, it has the mark of marks. It began with a black ball, for early in the morn, came a note from Knollys, stating that the Prince had to lay a cornerstone, or something of the like, and couldn't come. But his royal cousin, the Duke of Oxbridge, would kindly represent, etc. 'Well,' I thought, 'he isn't the Prince, but he's royalty, just the same, and will have almost as good advertising powers. So we'll give it to him, just the same.' I had my suspicions that the Englishman had tipped the Prince, but still, if so, why did the Duke come? Still, I had an eye on him all day, and he did his duty nobly. Yet, my mind would not be easy till all was over, for these Englishers can never become used to the fact that royalty is just common clay. So I never let him get out of my sight. I looked over the layout, and everything was O K, and I kept it so.

"Then came the cover of beautiful night. The stars pinned back the curtain of darkness that the moon might have a heavenly path of pearly purity to play upon, and, just as the Glittering Galaxy of Greatness in Grand Entree entered and wound around the arena, the Duke of Oxbridge entered also. He stepped to the royal box, and as I had planned, the whole proceeding paused, and I placed the place at his pleasure.

"'Your Royal Regality,' says I, 'welcome to Wonderland. Make merry 'mid marvels. Take time to triumph in Tempestuous Tremendous Thrills, Give Glittering, Gilded, Generous Gorgeousness glad acclaim. Set sight on Stupendous Stretches of Stirring Scenes, and enjoy yourself!' And the band played 'God Save the Queen' and the whole bloomin' audience rose and sang, while the clowns led the conclave!

"The Duke was much interested in the entertainment, and I left him to his own pleasure, while I took the newspaper men, in charge of the Englishman, to the menagerie. Usually, this was thrown open after the show, but this night it was closed, for royalty took its pleasure apart. But I had to post the press, and so I foregathered the force in the animal kingdom, and, says I, making them welcome:

"'Now, gentlemen of the press, rightfully has Royalty regretted its regality, which rigidly requires its reigning regally and refraining from romping regardless of regnant restrictions. But some suspicion of simplicity smolders in sublime as well as in simple souls. Noting nothing noxious, notwithstanding, I now nullify all notable nascience. I invite inquiry, but swear to secrecy tonight. Royalty will reign here and regally will be received. On unobserved observation, obtain your outlook for overflowing outpourings.'

"Then I commanded Cholmondeley to take the tribe to the secret place I had provided, that they might see and not be seen. For I couldn't miss that chance to advertise.

"But Cholmondeley did not answer, and a hasty glance around revealed the horrible fact that he had fled me! Oh, fatal failure; I had left the Englishman alone for a moment, and he had sold his mess of pottage for a birthright! The recreant rake had renegged! Even as I entered, leaving the pressmen to Providence, I knew that it was too late.



"Yer r'yal 'Ighness," says he, "don't go near the hanimiles."

"It was. Fate had overtaken me. There, at the edge of the royal box was that chilly Cholmondeley, and faintly, even through the mazes of the music, I could hear his plea.

"'Yer r'yal 'Ighness,' says he, 'don't go near the hanimiles. Hi beg yer 'Ighness! They'll make

gaine o' ye, sure. Hi beg yer 'Ighness, do not be made a monkey hof; Hi hassure your 'Ighness. 'Tis hall has Hi 'ave said! Old them hoff, hand keep away from the menagerie.'

"Wildly, I signaled a couple of 'razorbacks,' but it was too late. Though they took him a triumphant kick and cast him into outer darkness, the worst had been done. The dignified Duke smelled a scheme, and he would not wander among the wonders.

"'Me deah sir,' says he. 'We will not visit the animals tonight. D'ye know we are weary with these wonders and tired with the triumphs of the tents. Pardon the precipitancy, but we prefer to pass it up. Some other time; some other time—but it then must be with the comon people, quite in the regular way. You understand? Quite in the regular fashion, and with no reservations, y'know.'

"And my royalty, on whom I had counted even the worth of my job, passed on out into the night."

"And you never worked the scheme?" we asked.

"You have heard," sighed he, "of the mysterious, marvelous and melodious siroccos of sound which startled London some years ago? People panicky, pale and palsied? Buildings bulging; traffic terrified? Tremendous terror? Unexplained?"

"Yes, yes—"

"Me. I went in that night and played calliope with the beasts of the boundless universe for notes! Ah, how I electrified that ensemble! It was the first, last and only time—my one and single chance."

"And then?"

"Well, it was a long walk, but here I am, and if either of you gents is generous and good-hearted—"

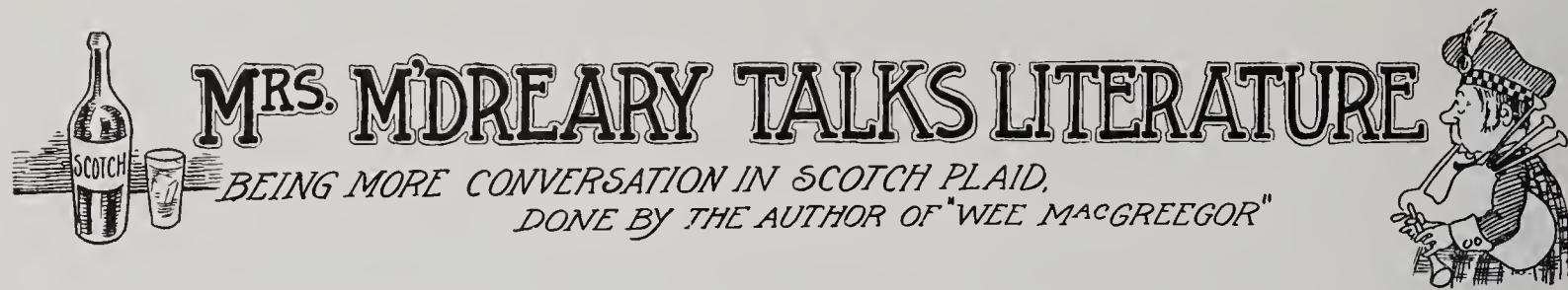
"Oh, Son of Ananias and Sapphira, thou art worthy of thy patronymics," said Dick, as the last lights in the cafe went dim, and The Bum bit the dollar I gave him for a bed, to see if it were good, and then faded away, into the swarm of bugs again.



The Reporter's Prayer

BY WILL REED DUNROY

God grant that when our last assignment here on
earth is done
The editor-in-chief who has his sanctum up on
high,
May call us in his great white office, one by one
And give us all soft snaps on some big daily in
the sky.



BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

DRAWING BY W. CLYDE SPENCER

MRS. M'DREARY was nodding in her chimney corner when I entered. There was a steaming pot of tea at her right hand and her precious stuffed birds were at her left.

"Good morning, Mrs. M'Dreary," I said, "I have used up all my *Wee MacGreegor* material, and now I want to know if you will tear off about seven yards of your dialect, so I can send it to America."

"Mph, mph," said Mrs. M'Dreary, downing a cup of tea. "Hoots, mon, but they maun be muckle fond o' Scotch dialect ower in Awmerica."

"Indeed they are, Mrs. M'Dreary," said I. "Even Kipling can't make cockney dialect go any more over there, but just throw in a few hoots and toots, and one can sell any old thing at thruppence the word and half rate for punctuation marks."

"Aweel, aweel, laddie, if my dialect wi' be onny use to ye, bring on yer photograph an' I'll be prood to talk in it."

"You mean phonograph instead of photograph, Mrs. M'Dreary," said I.

"Och, it's a' yin, it's a' yin," murmured Mrs. M'Dreary, as she swallowed another cup of tea. "Draw up yer cheer, laddie, an' let me spier ye aboot the gillies in the book makin' way in Awmerica."

"But bookmakers over there are the men who make up the bets on the horse races, Mrs. M'Dreary," said I.

"Aweel, it's a' yin," murmured Mrs. M'Dreary, downing another cup of tea. "It's a' a game o' chance, I'm thinkin', bookmakin' or book publishin', wi' the odds muckle in the bookmaker's fawver. I hear it's naw so long, laddie, since Awmerica wis clean daft ower hist'ry-fiction, an' a book couldna sel but it wis rigged with a pictur' o' a soordsman on the cover, an' mony a gruel fit inside."

"You mean duel, and not gruel, Mrs. M'Dreary," I put in reproachfully, as the lady dropped a lump of sugar in another cup of tea.

"Mphm," said Mrs. M'Dreary, looking regretfully into the teapot after emptying the cup. "It's a' yin, it's a' yin. Somebiddy says I'm naething but a Scotch edition o' Mrs. Malaprop, onnyhoo. An' who, pray, wis Mrs. Malaprop? Had she a braw dialect like mine, I spier ye? But tush, laddie, awa' wi' her—we talkit aboot Awmericans ye ken. What sairt o' books are they takin' pleasure in besides the Scotch dialect?"

"Well, they don't go in for historical romances any more, but seem to take pretty well to political novels."

"Ay, my mon has read yin, an' sair put oot he wis. It tauld o' a man in Awmerica spendin' money for votes,—a sinful waste o' good siller, whin cheap drams o' whiskey would a' done as weel. But I'm thinkin' o' another kind o' Awmerican book—'Mrs. Harum o' the Kibidge Patch,' ahm thinkin' 'twas called. Ha'e ye read it yet?"

"You mean 'David Wiggs of Harumville,'" I corrected gently. "Yes, I've read it, and a glorious work it is—the embalming of the worn-out and decrepit epigram. But the Wiggs-Harum novel seems to be yielding to the business novel just now."

"An' whaut, forbye, 's the business novel?" inquired Mrs. M'Dreary. "Is 't yin o' them books whaur a mon takes his ain siller an' his wife's to a place called Wall Street an' gets into a meenagerie cage wi' bulls an' bears an' loses it a'?"

"That's the kind," said I. "And business novels are always written by men who know little about business, just as political novels are written by men who know little about politics. But both of these have taken a back seat lately for the cowboy novel."

"An' what maun a cooboy be?" asked Mrs. M'Dreary.

"Oh, a cowboy is a fierce sort of chap who shoots out the lights, and uses bad language and—and tends cows."

"Mphm, a sort o' reetous shepard I'm takin' it," said Mrs. M'Dreary. "I yinst knew a sheep mon who waur that bad he never wint to kirk but twa times a Sunday. Ken ye if Awmerican cooboys be that bad?"

"Worse," said I. "Indeed, I think Americans like cowboy books because of all the swearing in them."

"Aw, stope! stope!" cried Mrs. M'Dreary. "Poor a wee drappie water in yon taypot, laddie. Haud it ower my coop, so. Thanks, thanks, I'm better noo. The thowt o' puttin' swearin' in a book has sair faished me, forbye. Dimma pit me in onny Awmerican cooboy books, will ye laddie? I wouldna like it to hae swear words mixit in wi' my dialeect."

"Oh, never fear, Mrs. M'Dreary," I said, as I put my notebook away. "The readers of your dialect will do all the swearing that is done. Good morning Mrs. M'Dreary. Let me send you around a little ten-pound canister of tea, just to last the week out."

And as I departed I could hear the clash of rough-edged words, as Mrs. M'Dreary tried to express her joy.



A Natural Error

BY WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN

He was a wight austere and grave,
Of sallow mien, in sables dressed.
Scarcely a word he uttered, save
When mournfully he beat his breast
And raised his eyes
In piteous wise,
Like one by hopeless grief oppressed.

Alone he walked in solitude,
And seemed a stranger to delight.
No merry jest beguiled his mood
Or waked in him a fancy bright.
Ah, no! A gloom
As from the tomb
Enwrapped his soul in endless night!

He was despair personified;
His soul was sick, ye could but know,
And life of every good denied—
The apotheosis of woe—
If ye his state
Should estimate,
Or judge him by the outward show.

A somber person he! The Fates
For years had had him on their list.
For him ne'er opened Glory's gates,
Nor wailing Sorrow once desist.
So sad his look,
The people took
Him daily for a humorist!



Galen's "Plunge"

BY LILY YOUNG

WELL, maybe it don't seem excitin' enough for city folks, but there's somethin' calm an' peaceful about workin' the farm, an' watchin' the incubators to see the little white Leghorns hatch out, an' tendin' the cows an' thet sorter thing, that's way ahead of all the fevers that run down man's physical bein' w'en he takes to foolin' with what you city fellows call 'stocks.' Jest give me four-legged stock. You mayn't get three for one, maybe, but it's steadier. Nothin' but death ain't goin' to take it from you unless you get its value.

"What do I know about stocks? Land sakes! Everything. Had a bad spell o' that kind o' fever not so long back. I dunno as I ought to tell you what I done—me being a deacon an' an all 'round church member in high standin'. But I guess you're twenty-one, and know how to be obligin' enough to keep your tongue between your teeth about this. 'Sides, you say you ain't goin' to stay 'round Cobalt a long enough spell to count for much.



"Just give me four-legged stock."

"The first come how I happened to take to that business was one day I got this telegraph message from some stock broker firm in New York. It said something like this:

Send thousand dollars before morning. Special Japanese war news, known only to us. Wonderful rise in stocks tomorrow, three for one..

SHARPE & BLACK.

"Ever hear o' thet concern? I never did till then, 'cause I ain't much acquainted down there. But they knew me. (What you laughin' at?) An' it surely was something good, 'cause telegrams cost money an' people ain't wastin' such things as thet. An' then again, telegrams ain't everyday things 'round Cobalt way. So it makes a man have a

DRAWINGS BY WARREN GILBERT

queer feelin' that he's somethin' particular when some big broker in the city takes all thet trouble to give him a chance to make money fast.

"Pleased? My land! An' then the chances o' makin' three dollars for every one! I never thought a minute. Ain't even said a word to my ole 'oman, Sal, younder, countin' them eggs. She don't know it up to this blessed minute. Never will, if I kin help it. Her religion is so sot against it, I jest thought o' them four thousand restin' in thet bank in Middletown (thet might jest as easy be twelve), an' hitched up and was off to send one o' them down to York. I was scared to wait so much as a wink. Might lose my chance. Then it seemed ungrateful, when them brokers was tryin' so hard to do me a good turn. If I didn't heed their telegraph message they'd never let me on to sech chances again. So I sent down the money. Thet was the 2nd o' March.

"It was on the next afternoon—the third—that I got sech a nice, smooth-printed letter from my brokers. (I like printed letters. They read so plain.) It read this way:

Galen Higgins, Esq.

Dear Sir: We beg leave to acknowledge your letter and cheque of the 2nd inst. Rest assured, Mr. Higgins, that the money will be put to the best possible advantage. Yours truly,

SHARPE & BLACK.

"There was somethin' mighty confidential an' white—seemin', in that 'rest assured, Mr. Higgins.' I knew they'd do their best by me. I liked their ways. An' I felt my winnin's in my pocket like all thet day. I tell you, the farm took pretty much care of itself thet time. I spent most o' my time calculatin' what I would do with the two extra thousands when I got 'em in; an' makin' up fine speeches to break the joyful news to my ole 'oman, Sal. She don't approve o' no kind o' small gamblin'. Won't lend her face to a church raffle, even. But three for one, when it's in dollars, maybe is different, an' I thought I might bring her 'round to look at it sensible-like when the time come. I tell you thet day I went 'round in a dreamin' fever. Never had such excitin' times inside o' me in my life. When night come, an' the sun and the world was all at rest, I actually couldn't sit still. So I walked down to the village, an'—Good land!—if there wasn't another telegraph message for me! It said:

Market went wrong way. Lost seven hundred. Wire five hundred more. Sure thing.

SHARPE & BLACK.

"Now thet all sounded like foreign language to me. But I made out this much. Only three hundred was left out of my whole thousand. Anyhow,

it was too late to get anything from the bank, so I couldn't do anything but sit right down there in the postoffice and write to them brokers of mine that I would wait an' see what that three hundred they had would do, an' how s'prised I was that their special war news they had talked about had been so unfortunate. Their newsmaker must have missed his guess that time.

"Never slept a wink that night, expectin' the next day's news. Of course they'd fix it up all right for me. Next day but one I got another one o' them nice machine-written letters. Like this:

Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 5th would say that you, as a business man, must fully appreciate the fact that ventures in Wall street cannot always turn out successfully. Rest assured, Mr. Higgins, that the balance of your money will be used by us to the very best advantage.

*Yours truly,
SHARPE & BLACK.*

"Now, warn't that satisfyin'? It made me feel like lively cider once more. I knew they was out for my best good. That 'rest assured, Mr. Higgins' always had sech a pacifyin' sound. So, Land! wasn't I s'prised that night to get this telegram from them brokers: (Did you ever happen to reason out why they name themselves brokers?)

No funds of yours left. Wire five hundred to cover losses. *S. & B.*

"That scared me stiff. Should I send the five an' save the thousand. Perhaps wouldn't save it. An' yet—no gamblin' in stocks is too risky. I reckoned I'd halt there. So I wrote a long letter in their own language to them there brokers, tellin' 'em to 'rest assured, Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Black,' that the rest o' my money was goin' to stick in that Middletown bank till the earth cracked before I'd throw it away on any o' their dead-sure Wall street stock, with special Japanese war news behind it, an' I was theirs truly. It was the politest letter you ever saw—not a bad word in it, I vow.

"An' now—would you believe it—after all



"Never slept a wink that night."

their politeness before, this kind o' letter came hurryin' back to me:

Galen Higgins, Esq.

Sir: Your last to hand. We note the concealed threat contained in it. You are evidently unaware, Mr. Higgins, that the laws of this state are very strict in the matter of threats. We simply write to warn you that if we receive any further communication of a similar nature from you it will be our duty to place the letters in the hands of the proper authorities.

Yours truly,

SHARPE & BLACK.



"Telegrams excite a lot of attention."

"Great land o' Goshen! Here I was, most in my fifty-fifth year, an' as easy takin' in as a short-frock baby. That's the first it ever come home to me that I'd been 'done.' I felt so shy I thought even the chickens could see what a fool I'd been. An' as for my ole 'oman, Sal Higgins, every time she'd call 'Galen,' my knees would set a-chatterin', thinkin' she'd found me out. Course I done away with all them letters an' messages, though I'll never fergit one word, line or part of 'em, but there was the thousand dollars gone, an' nothin' to show. Wouldn't it kill you? To have your money stolen from you like that, an' then to have a sorter feelin' that you oughter thank the fellows who done it for not clappin' you in prison. An' they laughin' at you all the time. But it was that first telegram that weakened me—that an' them 'rest assured, Mr. Higginses.' They certainly fetched me easy.

"No, sir; as I was sayin', excitement kin do for city folks. I've had as much as I want. I've tried my hand at that kind o' stock they raise in Wall street. It ain't in my line. From this time on I stick to cows and plain cattle. It mayn't do for you, but somehow I like it. Maybe you gain slower—but then again you don't lose so fast. An' it's calm—and then it's peaceful."



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Drawn for The American Cartoonist
by Albert T. Reid

A STUDY

Edward G. Lewis

Of St. Louis

Publisher of *Woman's Magazine*

IN ALL his wide domain Uncle Sam has not such another genuine friend as he possesses in Edward G. Lewis of St. Louis, publisher of *The Woman's Magazine*, for all the 1,500,000 subscribers of this dime magazine are supplied by mail. Doubtless, when Edward G. is called home to Glory, the postal authorities of this great republic will erect a grand memorial in his honor, and no more fitting epitaph could be inscribed upon it than the motto of this successful publisher: "If a man sets his mind to do a certain thing, and sticks to it, he can scratch a hole through any stone wall that was ever built."

And, verily, he has scratched a great hole, and this hole is getting larger every minute—really, in less time than that, for six copies of *The Woman's Magazine* are turned out every second.

Just thirty-five years ago, the little city of Bridgeport, Conn., was honored in the birth of Edward Lewis. That staid old town did not dream of the future greatness of its new resident, but the little newcomer felt in his tiny soul that he would some day be the "Moses" of all the publishers of this big globe, and lead them out of the wilderness of small circulations and low profits.

Edward's journalistic career began very early, for, at the age of twelve, he was the publisher, editor and sole owner of the *Diamond News*, of Meadville, Pa. It was a weekly and it ran one week; subscribers, fifty.

The completion of a scholastic course absorbed the would-be publisher's mind for the next eight years, after which his attention was wholly given to

establishing the idol of his heart—a ten-cent magazine that would mark a new era in journalism. The inventory of his then possessions may be briefly summed up—a rich deposit of ideas and a capital of \$1.25. Surely the rock of Gibraltar confronted him.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The little man, of spare frame and scarcely five feet five of altitude, possessed indomitable courage, and was soon showing his ability as a scratcher in publishing *The Winner*. Then came the absorption of *Conkney's Magazine*, the establishment of the *Woman's Farm Journal* and the *Woman's Magazine*.

Not content with the success of his journalistic ventures yielding a profit of over one million dollars yearly, Mr. Lewis is now engaged in the organization of a postal bank, which he believes will become the greatest financial concern on earth.

It surely is high time for the financiers and publishers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia to take warning, for a wholesale absorption is likely to occur at any moment. Edward G. is a formidable rival, and he openly declares that he would rather be president of the *Woman's Magazine* and the postal bank than to be president of the United States.

The city of St. Louis is covering herself with glory because of her great World's Fair, but the indications are that within a few months the fame of that magnificent enterprise will be as a mere trifle compared to that of the immortal Edward and his dime magazine.

Now let Sousa compose a march, entitled "The Man Behind the Magazine," and the public will give thanks.

In the World's Fair city, the man whom this ditty
Is written about runs a magazine.
His name, and here's to us, is Edward G. Lewis,
The subject is "Woman"—the scene,
Of course, is St. Louis, and Edward G. Lewis,
Who publishes articles there,
Is strong with the men, for his versatile pen
Writes only about the "World's Fair."



EDWARD G. LEWIS
PRESIDENT LEWIS PUBLISHING CO.

Drawing by O. C. Chopin

*Sketchers Who Sketch—*E. S. REYNOLDS
OF TACOMA

HERE'S a cartoonist in the tall timber country who gives a terse thumb-nail sketch of himself. He never jokes when speaking of himself and that accounts for the biographical bluntness and brevity of his contribution.

"Born 1877, Oskaloosa, Iowa; schooled in South Dakota; emigrated to California after Sioux outbreak in '92; newsboy and 'peanut butcher' Southern California orange belt; six years in printing office, devil, printer and reporter; five years with San Francisco *Post*; since 1903 with Tacoma *Ledger*.

"Favorite animal—tiger."

W. CLYDE SPENCER
OF DENVER

WHO draws cartoons for the Denver *Republican* when he is not whipping the trout pools of the St. Vrain river in Colorado, is an Illinois by-product, at first supposed to be of no particular value. Young Spencer was reared in the atmosphere of a country printing office, but as he always "pied" more type than he set, and as he ate more than the new subscriptions amounted to, his father despaired of making an editor of him. Finally it was decided that, as the boy would not learn to spell, he must have the making of a cartoonist. "No cartoonist ever knows how to spell," said the elder Spencer, "and from the wide gap betwixt you and Webster I guess art is your sphere." The lad took the hint and a fast freight and went to New York, where he became a "free lance," selling sketches to various publications and thereby getting occasional meals. The New York *Journal* began paying him a regular salary, which enabled him to put some money in a few fancy vests and hit the trail for Colorado. His productions began appearing on the first page of the Denver *Republican* something over three years ago. As a cartoonist, as well as a fly-fisherman, Spencer has a style that is unique. He chooses broad subjects, when some editor doesn't cut in and nail him to an ephemeral idea, and his drawings have a rare element of humor.

DE VOSS W. DRISCOLL
OF ST. LOUIS

THE records in the case of De Voss W. Driscoll show that he experienced his first birthday thirty-two years ago, at Neosha Falls, Kansas.

He admits this himself, but makes no further comment on the matter. He is a very modest man, and that is why you cannot learn from him what has been found out by investigation, to-wit: that he has developed his art as a cartoonist and comic artist on some of the best papers of the country, and is famous all over this laughter-loving land.

He is now "tied up with the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*," and the *G.-D.* and its patrons are truly glad of it.

And this leads up to a very pertinent eye-opener for the public, namely: that while, undoubtedly, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition forms a very good foil and a locus for overflow meetings, the principal reason the crowned heads and others of Europe, and several from New York and Bridgeport, Conn., have journeyed to St. Louis, is found in the universal desire to meet and greet and better know the author of the Senegambian and his comical mule.

Scribblers Who Scribble

WILLIAM HAMILTON CLINE
OF KANSAS CITY

AT THE early age of twelve years, William Hamilton Cline received a present.

It was a plant—not one of those little potted weaklings, but a regular printing plant, of a small but hardy variety that would stand all kinds of rough usage.

Young Cline began to have fun with the newspaper business. Later it had fun with him, for it had him hard and fast, and it has held him ever since, as it has held others, despite all efforts to get away from it.

But Cline, who is now wearing out his thirty-first summer, has some compensations in life. He has a pretty wife and a nice typewriter—of the mechanical variety—and he grinds out good things to read and is well paid for these efforts by the Kansas City *Journal*, with which concern he now sojourns.

Cline is a fine dramatic critic, and eats quantities of asparagus, when that dainty is "in season," as the menu card says.



Photo by Thomson, Kansas City

WINFIELD HOGABOOM
OF LOS ANGELES



WINFIELD HOGABOOM was born in Elmira, New York, in the year 1861, but Elmira was not held responsible for that. His father went to the war, but as soon as the great disturbance was ended, he returned to his home, only to find a greater one awaiting him there.

At the age of four, Young Hogaboom, having looked the situation over thoroughly, decided that New York State was a poor place for a young man, so he moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with the intention of fighting Indians and carving out a home in the Western wilds for future generations.

After a time the young man attended the public schools of Milwaukee. Two years later he finished his education, and went into a newspaper office to acquire the printer's trade. Then it was that the first indications of his great genius began to develop, in the form of an intense loathing for work. This loathing grew, in time, to be almost a mania with him. Determining to see something of the world, he went to Chicago. From there it was only a step—metaphorically speaking—to Dakota. He stepped it.

For several years Mr. Hogaboom has been living quietly in Los Angeles, trying to forget the past and content to let the future do the rest. He needs rest. He lives in a modest little home in the suburbs, and keeps chickens. He also writes for the Los Angeles newspapers.

CURTIS L. MOSHER
OF ST. PAUL

MANY of the most important chapters in the sweet, sad story of my life wouldn't interest anybody but myself. I happened back in the early '70s, and after arriving at the age of long pants did the usual wandering son act. Down in Arkansas I met one of Victor Lawson's men, named Kendrick, and he and I regulated the universe and the evening contemporary, while I broke into the business and broke down my health experimenting with malaria. Since then I have been accumulating wisdom, mainly in bunches with the burrs on, and incidentally writing "pieces" for the papers. After satiating my thirst for glory as editor of a rural daily, I drifted to St. Paul and have since been industriously avoiding the limelight. I have now less hair and more room for sense. The *Pioneer-Press* has, with kindly charity, put me in charge of its railway news interests and, well, that seems to be about all.

CURTIS L. MOSHER.



John F. Carroll

Managing Editor of the Oregon Journal

BY FRANK FARRAR

THIS is not an "obit," therefore it can not be started with a name, and the dates must be more or less vague. So it must be taken as a presentation of a few facts.

It's about John F. Carroll; a little about a man of whom much can be said.

Out there on the balmy Pacific shores, in the city that is not on the sea, yet of it—Portland—John F. Carroll is roughing out a victory after a fight many have undertaken and lost.

It is only a newspaper fight, perhaps appreciated by newspaper men alone. They certainly do, and those who know John Carroll rejoice with him in his latest achievement as a climax of years of progress and success.

By the rolling Columbia river the people have seen things during the last few months—not green things, by any means. They have been given a demonstration of newspaper energy that would make Mr. Hearst's hop-skip-and-jump forces look like jaded dray-horses.

But, above and beyond being a journalist, John Carroll is a man. His heart is exactly the size of his body and good impulses throb through him as naturally as the blood

that pulsates in his veins. One day, when he was employed at a salary which nobody could style princely, he came to his work, bringing with him a \$10 bill—money which he had saved up and set aside for the purchase of a baby carriage for his youngest child.

Just before his day's labors were ended, a friend of his, one of those unlucky fellows with a big family and precarious employment, came to Carroll for sympathy and whatever other aid he could get.

"The baby—she's awfully ill, and my wife is about broken down—little appetite and nothing in the house to tempt even that, and—"

"Here, old man," Carroll broke in, pressing into his hand the cherished \$10.

His friend protested that he hadn't expected that much.

"Take it along, take it along, you need it more than I do," was Carroll's rejoinder.

"I'll have to carry the baby for awhile longer, dear," was all he said to his wife about the matter.

Now that's the man, John Carroll, and that's an explanation of his success.

It's the good man who generally gets along the best and Carroll is good.



JOHN F. CARROLL



A Query

BY WALTER JUAN DAVIS

The way to God and Glory—
Is it so wearisome?
Must we still heed the story,
The old exordium,
Of thorny ways
And fasting days,
En route to Kingdom Come?

With all this sunshine sifting
o'er the ever-greening sod,
The little grasses lifting grateful fingers up to God,
Shall we with stern, averted eyes,
Seek out the rugged path,
Or let each find his paradise
In holding what he hath
And adding this world's gladness
To the golden aftermath?

Newspaper Poetry

(As It Is Written)

BY GEORGE S. APPLEGARTH

DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR



Softly the south wind is calling this evening,
Sweetly the nightingale carols its lay;
Here in the gloaming I wait for thee, loved one—
(Eh? Tell him yes. Send it down right away.)
Boldly the moonbeam is kissing the wavelet;
Saucily pleading a lover's excuse;
Ah, to be near thee, that I, like the moonbeam,
Might sip—(Let's see, juice, loose, goose—O the deuce)!
Fondly I dream of the joy that awaits me,
'Neath the old trysting tree down by the shore,
Far from the rude world's distraction and clamor.
(Say, kid, stop that whistling and go shut the door.)
Here shall we linger forever and aye;
Nought to disturb our sweet peace and contentment—
(What's that? Why the word is pie, p-i-e, pie.)
Here shall we fashion love's bower of roses,
Here shall the fairies our wedding bells peal,
Steadfast forever; yea, leal to life's ending—
(That's not so rotten; I like that word "leal.")
Ah! thou art coming at last to thy trysting,
Hastening coyly thy loved one to meet;
Hark! 'Tis thy footfall as light as a feather—
(Jones, for the Lord's sake, stop shuffling your feet.)
Wide do I open—(Well, I say you did, too.)
Close do I clasp thee (You're at it all day.)
Here all is peace (Don't you call me a liar)
Biff!!!—()!!!—()!!!!xxxxxxxx.

Best Work of the Boys at the Board

WE REPRINT this issue cartoons upon the two absorbing topics—war and politics, the former of interest to the world, and the latter of special interest at this time to the people of the United States.

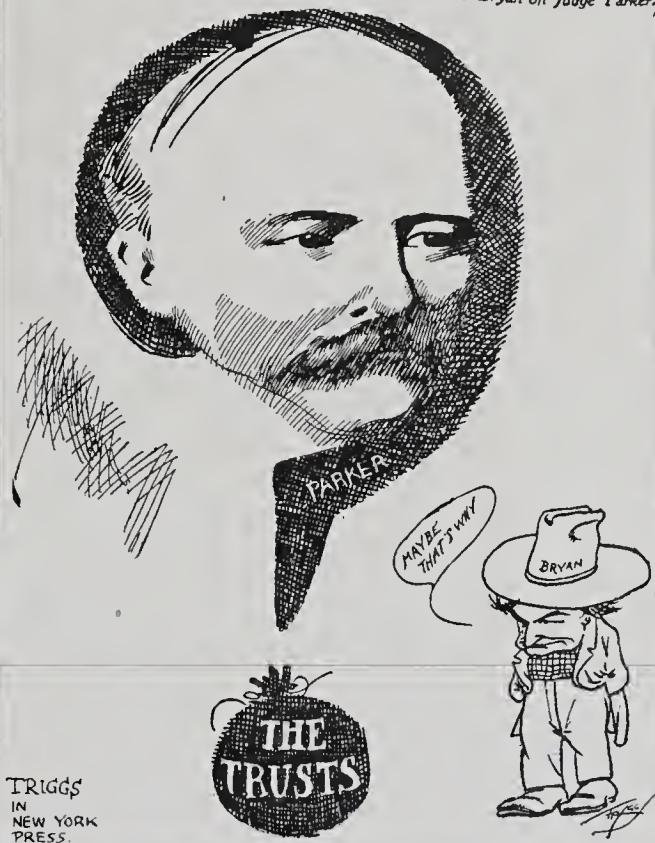
By this time Russia and Japan have begun to realize Sherman's definition of war. The cartoonists are suggesting original situations for President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, with much that is piquant and interesting in the sudden prominence of Mr. Hearst and Judge Parker in presidential politics.





"WHY NOMINATE AN INTERROGATION POINT?"

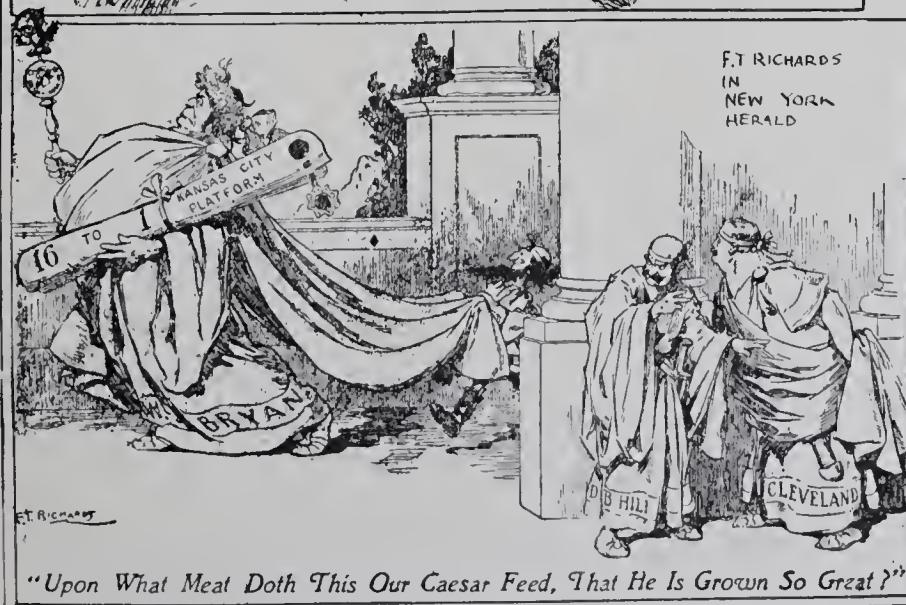
—Bryan on Judge Parker.



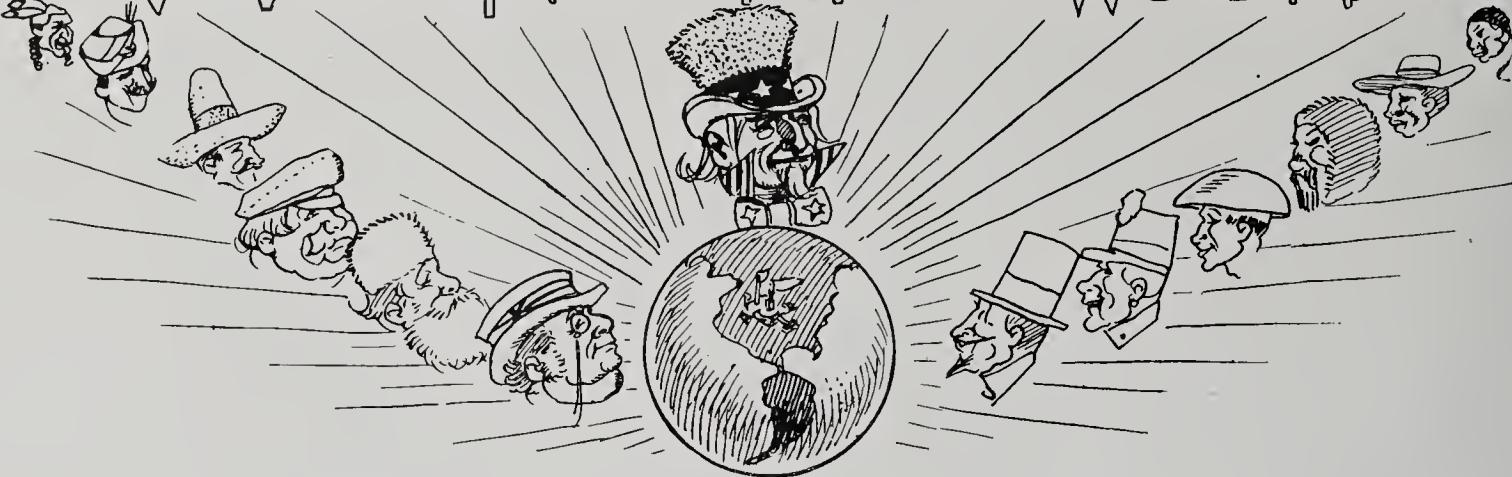
Johnny, Which Way Are You Going?



BRER RABBIT I WONDER IF I'M RUNNIN' AS FAST AS I KIN?



A VIVID GLIMPSE of the WORLD'S FAIR



IN THE line of exposition-giving St. Louis has out-classed all her competitors. Public expectation has been more than met and the world has accepted this last evidence of what America can do as its measure of advance and progress.

The earnest effort to produce something larger, costlier, more artistic, more instructive than ever before has been going on for years. It really seems as if the problem is at last solved.

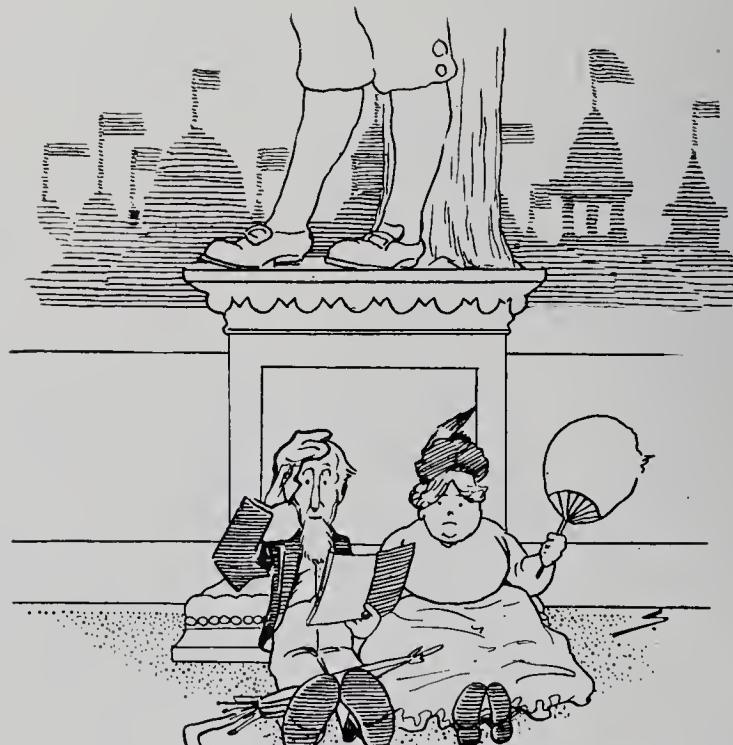
The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the biggest and most costly project of its kind on record. The opinion of experts bears out the statement that it excels all previous expositions in interest, artistic excellence, instructiveness and grandeur.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition celebrates the centennial of one of the most important events in American history—the purchase from France of the vast Louisiana Territory—a territory greater in natural resources than that of the original thirteen states. This was an event second only in importance to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

For every man, woman and child whose ancestors took part in the development of the Middle West the Exposition will have a personal significance. For the rest of the world

there is the significance which must always attach to new high levels of achievement and successful endeavor.

The Exposition is, for many reasons, the most remarkable ever held. It covers more ground than any previously given; it has received the largest appropriations from home



Columbia: "Now remember Sam, we're the guests of honor."—*Donohey in Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

and foreign governments; more exhibitors are represented than ever before and, what is of the most vital importance is the fact that the entire plan of procedure has been to show "processes" not products. The plan has proved eminently successful.

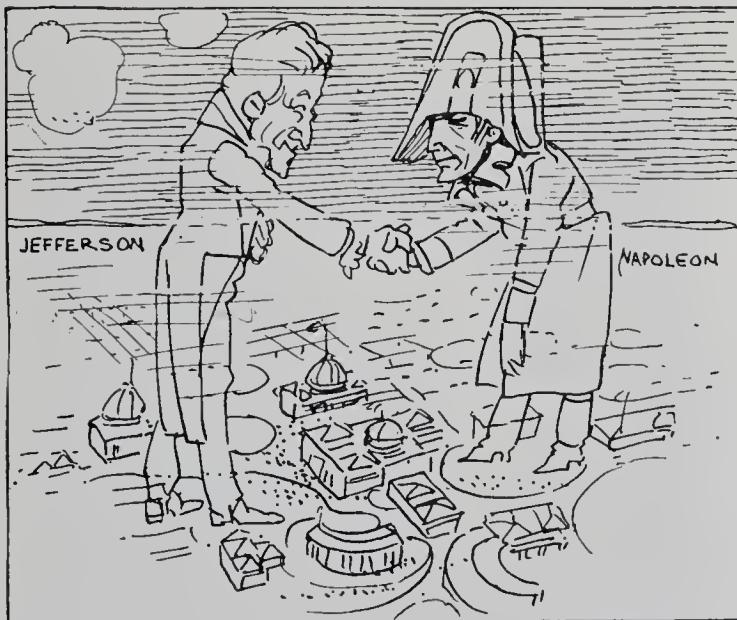
Carte blanche was given the architects who have erected this wonderful city in white, with a most gratifying result. Although every form of known architecture has been used it blends artistically into one harmonious theme. Nature and artifice have united to complete such a panorama as was never before beheld by man. Previous expositions have been elaborately laid down upon flat surfaces, only exquisitely viewed by a bird's-eye. The grounds at St. Louis are so constructed that where hills were lacking landscape gardeners supplied them. The result is that the beautiful

exhibition buildings are spread out like a huge fan on a rolling landscape. The Hall of Festivals has been aptly termed the central jewel in an architectural coronet. This structure overlooks a natural amphitheatre. From each side, in semi-circular formation, columns alternating with square pylons stretch away, forming sections or bays, in front of which are fourteen great sculptured figures representing in allegory the states and territories carved from the Louisiana Purchase. From the center and sides of this coronet, three cascades, the largest artificial creations ever made, leap from terrace to terrace into the lagoon which winds for more than a mile through the grounds.

The main buildings, their dimensions and cost, are as follows:

	Feet	Cost
Transportation	525 by 1,300	\$696,000
Manufactures	525 " 1,200	712,399
Varied Industries	525 " 1,200	604,000
Machinery	525 " 1,000	496,000
Mines and Metallurgy	525 " 750	490,000
Liberal Arts	525 " 750	475,000
Electricity	525 " 750	399,940
Education	525 " 750	319,399
Agriculture	500 " 1,600	529,940
Horticulture	400 " 800	228,000
Forestry, Fish and Game	300 " 600	171,000

The Exposition embraces within its six-mile boundary an area greater than that of the Chicago, Buffalo and Philadelphia Fairs combined.



Napoleon: "Congratulations."

The National Government's \$6,483,000 appropriation was followed by the state governments with \$6,740,000 each, and foreign governments expended \$7,000,000 more. Great Britain, Germany, France, China, Japan and Mexico have all vied with each other to make the most elaborate representation.

Reproductions of famous places form the characteristic mode of representation. Great Britain reproduces the famous Orangery of Kensington Palace; France, the Grand Trianon; Germany, the Imperial Castle at Charlottenberg; Belgium, the Antwerp Town Hall; China, the Palace of Prince Pu Lun.

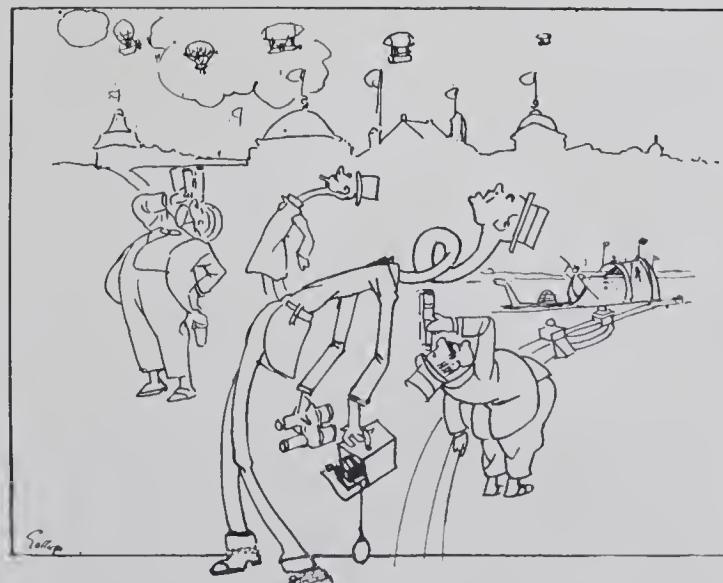
America has several historic displays. Conspicuous among these is General Grant's log-cabin, moved from the Dent farm and rebuilt on the grounds.

One great center of interest is the assemblage of products of the newly acquired possessions in the Far East. Forty acres have been devoted to the Philippines alone. The exhibit, which cost \$1,000,000, is simply marvelous. And it is said to stand as the most convincing educational feature. Arts, industries, habits of life, recreations and amusements of the people are all shown there. Nothing has been forgotten. One thousand Filipinos populate the reservation. Of these 200 Macabebe scouts act as police; a Philippine band of 85 pieces, 300 tribe-folk from native villages, and over 400 other natives who take part in the industrial features are conspicuous. The Walled City of Intramurias is there, and the Cathedral and markets of Manila. Native Moro houses built upon poles in the lake, Luzon villages on the shore. Macabebe camps, pearl fisheries, rice growing, copra raising, lace making and every phase of life in the Asiatic possessions all to be seen.

Among special exhibits will be found many attractions never before presented in America. For instance, the Aeronautical Tournament, and the Quadrennial Olympian Games are to be great attractions. The eyes of the entire world will center on the latter and the contest will be close. The modern world first saw them at Athens in 1896. At that time the discus-throwing championship was won by a young American athlete. The games were revived in Paris in 1900 and nine-tenths of the prizes were won by Americans. A great gymnasium has been built and a stadium capable of holding 15,000 people.

Among the contests provided are the national championship by the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States: Bicycling, national inter-scholastic championship, quoits, national swimming championship of American, short and long distance racing, diving, water polo, lawn-tennis, cross-country running, cricket, association foot-ball, foot-ball, international hurling match, roque championship, basket-ball, Young Men's Christian Associations' and college athletic clubs' gymnastic championships, archery for men and women, equestrian polo, lacrosse, contests among the German Turners of America, fencing for the championship of the world, wrestling—all weights—automobile racing, base-ball, etc.

International Congresses, similar to those held at Chicago, will be a feature of importance. One hundred and fifty leading men from Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Russia will discuss problems and read papers on Religion, Science, Literature, Law, Medicine, Sociology and Politics.



Watching the aerial races.

Of international significance will be the musical events as well. All the great bands of the leading nations are in attendance, and are to be featnred in order during the summer. A competitive trial will also be made of the locomotives of all countries through the instrumentality of the Pennsylvania railroad, which has established a testing laboratory. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has sent an exhibit which shows the history of railroading from the first efforts of Stephenson to great accomplishments of the present day.

Of the greatest interest, possibly to the West is the Mining Gulch, covering twelve acres, in which all the appliances and modes of modern mining are shown. Of course there are model cities, model hospitals, model day-nurseries

and all such. Rest pavilions are ready for those who are weary of the finest art display in the finest permanent art building ever made, or of viewing the wonders from every point of the globe. From the totem poles of Alaska, model Indian schools, Hindus from Southern Asia, Geisha Girls of Japan to the simple rose garden which smiles over ten acres of landscape, everything is a wonder never to be forgotten. The vastness of its glorious panorama by day and the beauty of its electrical illuminations by night, the gathering of great personages from all parts of the world, with their possessions typified about them, these all show but one thing, the advance of civilization, slowly but surely, and that man, the mere human worm so-called, is after all the master of the universe.



Among The Exhibitors

J. GEORGE LEYNER ENGINEERING WORKS

AMONG the most interesting exhibits in the Mines and Metallurgy building is that of the J. George Leyner Engineering Works Company of Denver, Colorado.

A space, 30 by 62, at the right of the entrance, opposite the German building, is devoted to this display, which consists of several large air compressors, hoisting engines and rock drills. The air compressor and Water Leyner drill are to be seen completely equipped and in active operation, run by motor current from the main electrical supply of the building.

As an excellent example of what Denver can produce in the line of mining machinery of the latest adopted and approved models the Leyner exhibit stands pre-eminent.

Since the establishment of the business, twelve years ago, in a small machine shop at 1513 Wazee street, in charge of Mr. Leyner and two assistants, and which was later moved to the present location at Thirty-sixth and Wazee streets, its growth has been so rapid that now the factories are insufficient and new ones are in process of construction.

The force at present, 150 men, is also inadequate to meet the demands which come from the domestic and foreign markets.

The Leyner machinery is used in the United States, Mexico, South Africa, Japan, Australia and New Zealand, and finds ready demand wherever mining is conducted along advanced lines.

Mr. L. H. Wygant is in charge of the exhibit.

THE WILFLEY CONCENTRATING TABLE

AS IN the case of several of Denver's best known mining works exhibits, the Wilfley Concentrating Table is not shown among the Colorado state products. Although bought and operated by the Allis-Chalmers Mining Machinery Company of Chicago and Milwaukee, and shown in their exhibit at the Exposition, it is fitting that some tribute should be paid it and its inventor, A. R. Wilfley of Denver, who was the first to place

riffles longitudinally on concentrating tables of the Rittlinger type.

Since 1896, when Mr. Wilfley built his first works at Kokomo, he has been diligently experimenting upon the old models of tables to perfect such a concentrating machine as would meet all the demands of the most approved methods of ore reduction.



A. R. WILFLEY
OF DENVER

Mr. Wilfley's first success as an inventor was met in 1897, when the Wilfley Table No. 1 was placed on the market. Being the inventor of the first concentrating tables of this

type, for the preparation of rock from metal ores, his work obtained at once a wide market. Reserving the right to manufacture and sell in the United States and New Mexico, he sold his foreign patent to the English syndicate known as the Wilfley Ore Concentrator Syndicate of London. Over 6,000 of the tables have been manufactured and sold for domestic use in the past eight years, being placed with the largest mining companies of America.

Mr. Wilfley had begun mining life at Kokomo as a young assayer and engineer of 18. He remained there twelve years, industriously making his way along practical, scientific lines. He worked hard. He was a self-made man. In 1886 he made his first paying strike, in what is known as the Wilfley group, the lead properties being named the "Aftermath" and "White Quail." His mineral interests spread to Arizona and Idaho, and he became president of the Summit Mining and Smelting Company at Kokomo.

After perfecting his first table for the concentration of ores, he left his interests, both at Kokomo and Colorado City, where he owned part of the large concentrating plant for handling ore tailings from smelters, and went abroad. He traveled extensively in South America, British Columbia and elsewhere, investigating for mining ventures. His operations, however, were confined to the United States, and his chief agency was established with the Mine and Smelter Supply Company at Denver, only a few blocks from his works.

Already a man of much wealth, acquired entirely from his patents, he might easily have retired from business for the rest of his natural life. But, being still a young man, and of vast inventive and executive ability, he set eagerly to work to experiment on his own patents until this last season he has brought out a fifth table, and also a slimer, said by experts to be unequaled by anything hitherto known. For the latter he holds the patent all over the world.

The No. V table, which is shown in operation at the Exposition, has some valuable improvements, which readily appeal to users of this class of machinery.

The entire movement, including the elevator, is self-contained, and mounted upon a well designed and strongly ribbed base, made of close grained cast-iron. The frame is bolted rigidly to the girder support, making the whole as rigid as if it were one piece. This construction is proof against the common trouble in concentrating tables, that is, lost motion. The elevator is driven directly by cut-gear and pinion, the pinion being placed upon the end of eccentric shaft, thus doing away with all belting.

The general form of the table has been changed, the head end being cut in diagonal line. This diagonal ending of the riffles is an entirely new invention and has great merit. This construction shortens the total length of the table, giving the same useful area of surface as formerly, and making the moving weight less.

The top is constructed of the best redwood, made of narrow strips laid diagonally to avoid warping, and is ribbed with wood-filled pressed steel stringers, extending full length of the table. By its construction the table is prevented from bowing, a trouble very common with former models.

A high grade of linoleum is used for the surface covering. Years of continuous service on these tables have proven its superiority. Its peculiar sensitiveness to ore particles adapts it for this delicate use.

The capacity of the table varies, as is usual, with the character of the ore and its fineness. Its minimum rating is about 10 tons for 24 hours; its maximum capacity has been 50 tons in 24 hours. The complete weight is about 2,800 pounds.

FUNSTON BROS. & CO.

WE NEVER SLEEP" is the peculiarly appropriate inscription placed over a portion of an elaborate exhibit of furs at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. And by the wonderful success met with it is well seen that the incentive must have been not only to outdo all competitors, but to arrive at perfection.

Without doubt the most artistic and costly exhibit of furs at the Exposition is that of Funston Brothers & Co., of



PHILIP B. FOUCHE

St. Louis, occupying a space 100 feet square in the Fish, Forestry and Game building. This display contains skins from all the kindred of the wild, as well as the most remote seas. Mounted and unmounted, they form a most remarkable and expensive collection. Among them are three black fox skins, valued at \$10,000; East Siberian sea otter, priced at \$3,000; Manchuria fur rugs, worth from \$650 to \$1,200 each; raccoon, mink, skunk, opossum, seal, sable, bear, leopard, lion and all other furs of lesser value. These are shown in the various processes of treatment from the moment they are bought from the trade until the time when they are ready for the purchaser, either mounted as mere skins or dressed and made up to adorn "my lady's" winter costume.

The firm of Funston Bros. & Co. has been established 23 years. In 1893 it was incorporated, with a surplus capital of \$250,000, and established itself in new and very much enlarged quarters. A slight estimate of their extensive business can be gained from the fact that the house takes in annually as receipts for furs, wools and hides several million dollars. In wool alone the traffic handled exceeded 3,000,000 pounds. During the past active season, from November to May, 1,000 bales of furs were handled, which comprised 3,019,810 skins of raccoon, mink, skunk, opossum and many of the larger game.

All representative fur traders and trappers in the United States and Canada ship to this house and sell on commission. The firm does no retail trade. Expert buyers

from London, New York, Paris and other centers of commerce swarm the salesroom, and competition runs high from Monday morning until Saturday night. The skins are assorted and placed in piles according to grades and prices, each buyer inspecting and bidding as he desires. Daily sales amount to \$25,000, and many of the products go to the foreign markets.

Funston Bros. & Co. employ a large coterie of assistants, amongst whom 25 stenographers, 15 bookkeepers and cashiers and a large force of mailing clerks are kept busy all day long. Shipping and receiving clerks, drivers and truckmen innumerable, and 15 men to open and assort goods, comprise the rest of their staff and include a night force of regular employees.

The remarkable business success of this incorporation has been accredited by those competent to judge to the excellent energy, technical and executive ability of its members, among whom are W. H. Funston, president; Philip B. Fouke, vice president; Henry Renth, secretary and treasurer; R. I. Young and C. A. Parker. These men are known not only as the heads of the largest furrier establishment in America, but as representative St. Louis business men.

BARTLETT CONCENTRATING TABLE

THE COLORADO IRON WORKS COMPANY of Denver have furnished a complete gold mill for the South Dakota Mines Commission, which will be in constant operation in the "Gulch" at the St. Louis exposition.

This mill includes the treatment of gold ores by amalgamation, cyanide and concentration. Those interested in the treatment of gold ores should see this mill, as it will demonstrate the latest methods of ore reduction by milling and wet treatment. An expert will be in constant attendance, to explain details and give any information desired.

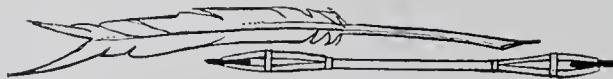
The mill will include a crusher, stamp battery, amalgamating plates, cyanide treatment by the pneumatic process, and concentration.

The Colorado Iron Works Company are the sole manufacturers of the Bartlett Concentrating Table and the 1904 Impact Screen. They also control the pneumatic cyanide process, all of which will be shown in the mill.

The No. 5, 1904 model, Bartlett Concentrator. This table has been on the market five years, and more than 1,200 machines have been sold and placed in over 200 mills all over the mining regions of the United States, Mexico, Canada, and in many foreign countries. The table was invented by Dr. F. L. Bartlett, who is well known as the inventor of many devices for the reduction of ores, and who has had thirty years' practical experience in this line of work. The machine is not a copy of other tables, but is unique and radically different from all others on the market. Like all other valuable inventions, this machine has been through the usual period of experimental incubation, each year seeing some important improvement, the original crude machine being gradually replaced by a complete and carefully worked-out model adapted to the work called for. During the past eighteen months Dr. Bartlett has devoted most of his time to perfecting the machine, resulting in many improvements.

The upper, or first, shelf has been widened six inches, giving much greater capacity and a far better distribution of the pulp and water, enabling the table to handle much more water with the pulp, without detriment to the action of the ore on the table. The frame of the table has been entirely reconstructed, being made lower, wider and far more rigid, and having extra foot bearings and extra corner supports. The movement has been entirely reconstructed, being now very powerful, and with adjustable pin and safety device to prevent breaking in case of over-speeding or sudden shocks. The rocker arms or supports on which the table moves have both the balls and sockets turned to a true fit, and are capped to keep out dirt. The guides are made adjustable, and consist of hardened steel plates which can be reversed when worn. The rubber tops are now made of the very best soft rubber, free from all imperfections. Before the rubber tops are put on the entire table is covered with oil-soaked canvas, thus making it absolutely water tight. Many other minor improvements have been made, tending to simplify and strengthen the machine.

The No. 5 table will treat ores from 4 mesh down to 100, and is especially adapted to saving slimes, owing to the peculiar shape of the riffle and the jar or bump given the table by the movement, which tends to settle the slimes in the riffles. The Krupp iron works of Germany, the largest iron works in the world, are probably the most conservative so far as American machinery is concerned, having contracted for the manufacture and sale of the Bartlett table in foreign countries for a period of ten years.



His Reason

BY HAL S. RAY

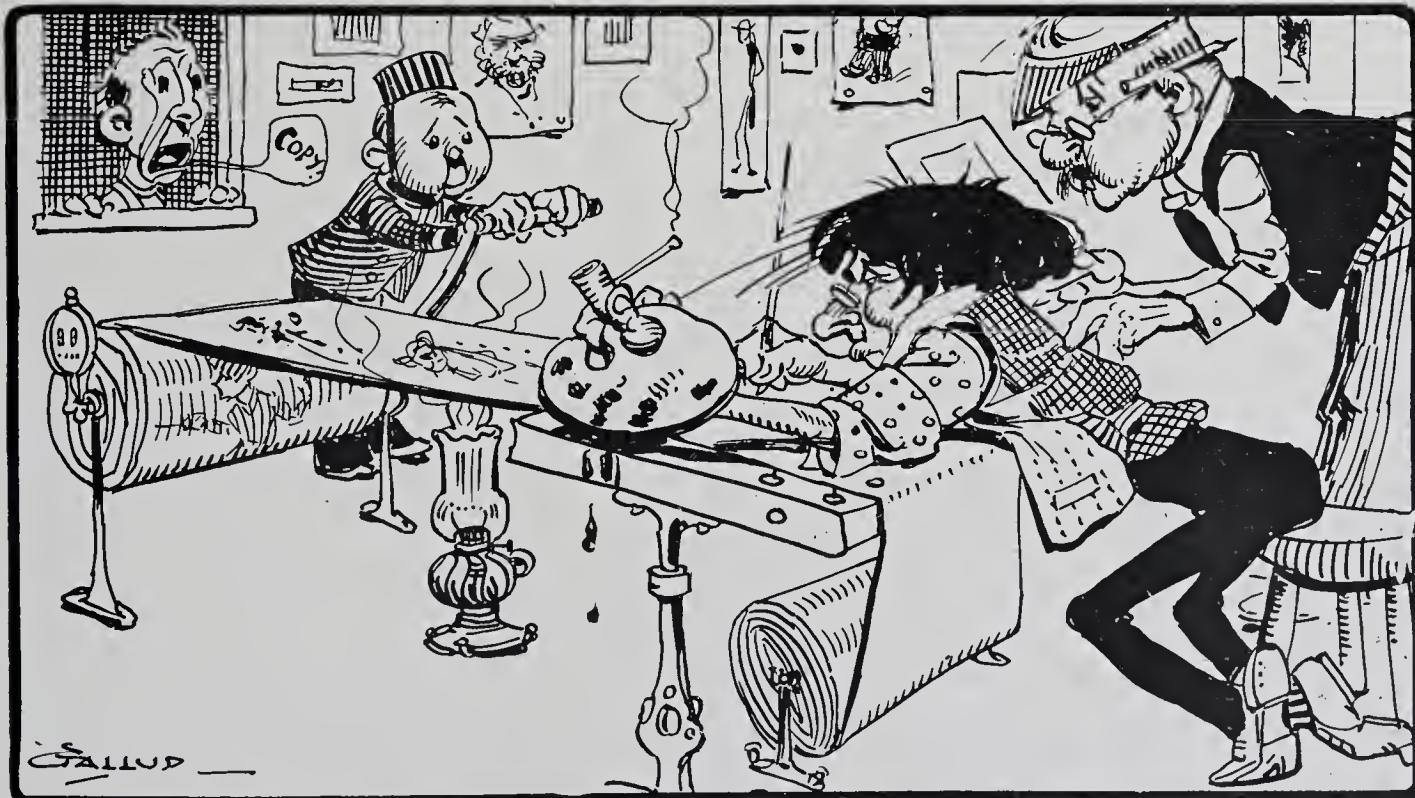
"A bachelor's life is the ideal one
And marriage is a snare,"
Said a fellow one day, who lived at a club
And was happy and debonair:
"Occasional sips from different lips,
With no one at home to care,
Are lots more fun than having but one,
Who must go with you everywhere."

"I can see how a wife *might* make one's life
Doubly pleasant if she would,
And perhaps in time I might find it sublime
If she were charming and good.
But above all else, when I'm threatened at all,
The reason I single stay
Is the 'lost dog' look that a married man has
When his better half's away."

Not All Dead

BY J. A. EDGERTON

I heard a song when I was young,
"The liars are not all dead yet."
A truer one was never sung—
 The liars are not all dead yet.
I met a man the other day,
Who'd start his mouth, then go away
And leave it; but the mouth would stay
Right there and lie and lie and lie—
You couldn't stop it, if you'd try.
 The liars are not all dead yet.



Ye Newspaper Artist.

Kirk of Milwaukee, always on dit and clever, has sent out the following pat persuader to members of the American Press Humorists:

Dear Brother:

I'll be mighty glad to meet you
 On the Pike;
With much pleasure will I greet you
 On the Pike.
"Meet you—greet you;" there's a rhyme
Old enough to be sublime—
Never mind; we'll have a time
 On the Pike.

I may buttonhole you, too,

 On the Pike,
Just to whisper, *entre nous*,
 On the Pike,
That MILWAUKEE wants you chaps
One year hence. We've set our caps,
And we'll frame it up, perhaps,
 On the Pike.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The American Cartoonist Magazine



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American Press Artists OFFICIAL HORN
American Press Writers

WALTER JUAN DAVIS
Editor

B. S. WHITE
Director

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Art Director

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26 and 27 Steele Block, DENVER

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One Dollar per Year



Mundane Melange -



IT IS the springtime and the fancy of the young man is taking the turn talked of by the poet, and the Jap and the Slav are taking turns at each other—and there is, as there will always be, love and war on this passionate old planet of ours. But nobody minds except those directly engaged in the cooing or the killing. The rest of us look on and are more or less entertained. And now, this brings us gently around to the suggestion that when even love episodes pall on the taste and rumors of the firing of great guns and the sinking of war vessels become a trifle monotonous, you have THE CARTOONIST, the World's Fair number, to peruse, enjoy and refresh yourself withal. Take it, ponder it and be happy.



TOUGH America is yet too young and too busy in its perpetual work of gathering lucre for selfish, protective, or other purposes, to have sobered down to the fact that the artistic and literary increment of the world is matter to be valued and cherished and that the authors thereof are persons to whom the whole nation is indebted and that honors and emoluments should be theirs, there are evidences that the Western world is waking up a bit. This refers to the formation of the Mark Twain Association at Hannibal, Mo., and its successful effort to secure a "Mark Twain Day" at the World's Fair at St. Louis on which members of the Association will meet the thousands of friends of the great author and humorist, who are sure to be there. It is but half a step in the right direction, but it is something—indeed, it is much.



IN THIS, the World's Fair Edition of THE AMERICAN CARTOONIST, it is most pertinent to mention, first and foremost, as the good old redundant phrase goes, the annual meeting of the American Press Humorists whose sessions begin during the last days of May.

This is bound to be a notable occasion, for it means an assemblage of notables, of the peerless peerage of the realm of mind, for they are more than fun-makers, these men of indefatigable equanimity, these generous distributors of good cheer.

The humorist is essentially a philosopher, and his philosophy is that of life and happiness. He shows the world the uselessness of discontent and the wearing effect of worry, and as he sings his lively numbers or spreads abroad his paragraphic jocosity, he not only preaches, but provides pure good and helps all mankind, and teaches that sweetest and best of charity, the angelic art of letting other folks' affairs alone, and in finding in one's own avocations and surroundings the golden grain of cheerful content.

To the journalistic crew, no feature of the Fair will be half so interesting or attractive as this gathering of the gods of humor. While Mary Ann gazes in awe at the architectural grandeurs, and

Reuben stares, open-mouthed, into the open mouths of the great Krupp guns, the people of the press will admire and glory in the heavy ordnance of our bright modern journalism and be glad with their mirthful brothers in the enjoyment of their great annual joke-fest.



IT IS all sentiment, of course. It does not really matter where a man's bones lie, or what is done to mark the spot—provided we are to go on with our besetting fashion of forgetting. But sentiment, though persistently discouraged by Twentieth century conditions, is a thing fine and sweet, even when felt at the verge of tears, and the world is better for the presence of the dear emotion.

So it is good to know that an effort is being made to raise a memorial stone over the neglected grave of Bill Nye, at Asheville, North Carolina. Nothing ornate is needed; only a simple shaft to show where lies the remnant of that gifted, big-souled man, the optimism of whose philosophy flowered into the wealth of humor with which he enriched the world.



ADAMAGE suit is a particularly undesirable sort of litigation, both to the party sued and the person who initiates the proceedings, and is only resorted to when milder means of obtaining justice are deemed futile; yet the editor of this magazine, because of what he considers a flagrant injury and a reckless disregard of his personal rights, has found it necessary to institute just such a suit against Harper & Bros. of New York.

The injury complained of was the publication of a cut-down and mutilated version of a story of which the plaintiff in the case is the author, the excisions having been made without the author's knowledge or consent.

Mention of this litigation is made here in order to emphasize the position of *THE CARTOONIST* in this regard. The editor is gratified to know that the entire staff of this magazine is in thorough accord with him in the stand taken, and is anxious not only that he recover the amount of damages claimed, but that there may be established the legal dictum that a publisher must have consent of the author, in the changing and cutting down of literary matter published under his name.

In this connection, *THE CARTOONIST* wishes to say that either direct, or definitely implied consent has been obtained from the authors of articles or stories published in this magazine, whenever, from motives of expediency, it has been found necessary to present them in reduced form, and that it shall always consult the producers of its matter before making changes therein.

In short, *THE CARTOONIST* stands for fairness and the rights of those who write. It seems pertinent to say these things at this time, as *THE CARTOONIST* is the organ of the artists and writers, and gladly stands as their champion in all things wherein their rights are concerned.



The world of letters mourns with Roswell M. Field over the late sudden taking away of his wife. The humor of Mr. Field, though of a subtler sort than that of his brother, Eugene, has yet the quality that tells of his kindness of heart, and those who know him personally realize how keenly felt is this deep bereavement.



How is it that the good old woman, who inveighs against "them novel books," contrives such clever fictions in the marketing of her eggs?



We all condemn the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men were—and yet, what an enviable content was his!



A dozen robins chirped and fluttered and chased each other merrily among the lower branches of the tree, and one sat high and sulked down at them between shrugged wings—great Jove, is human nature trickling down to the lower levels?

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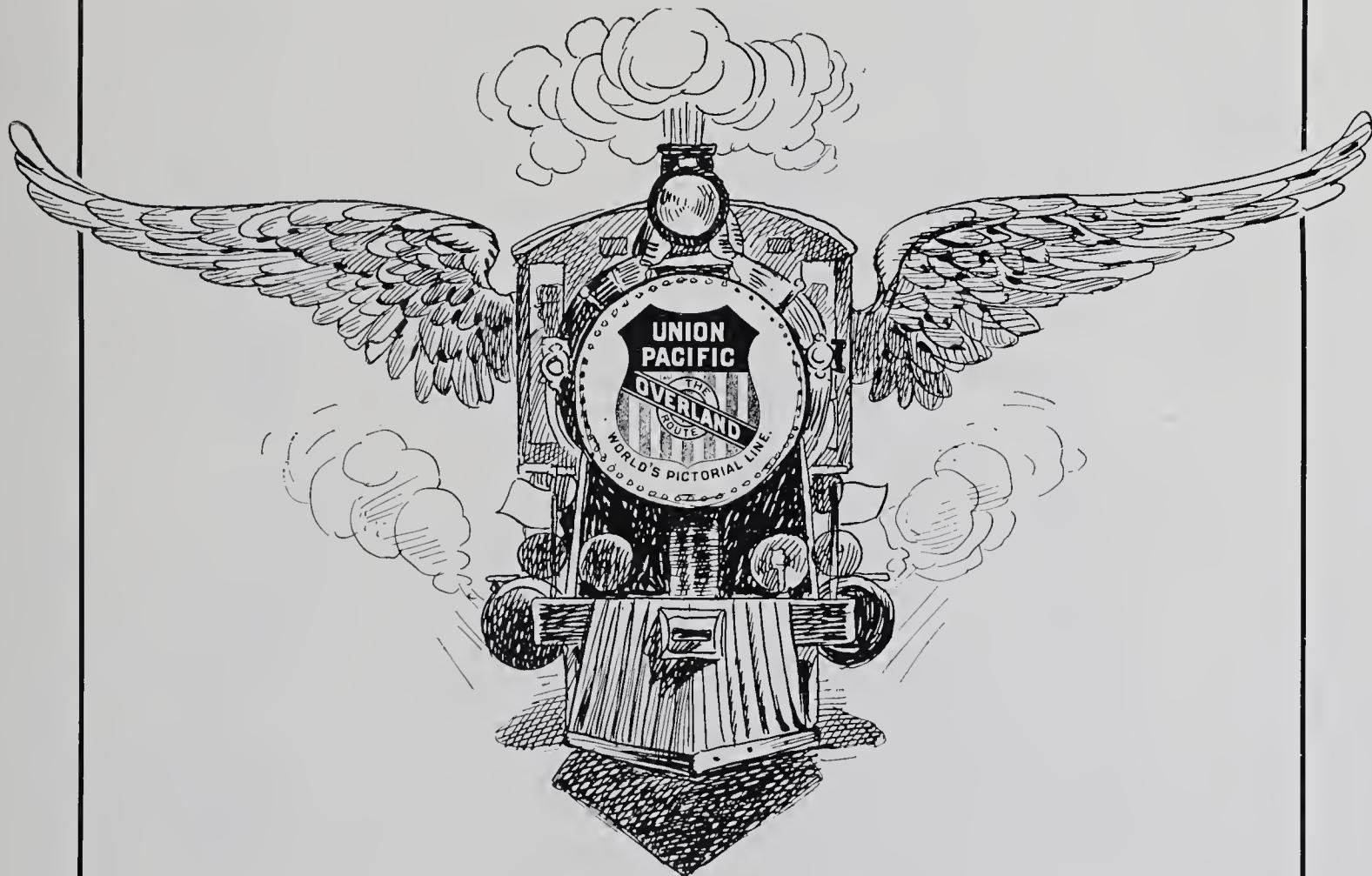
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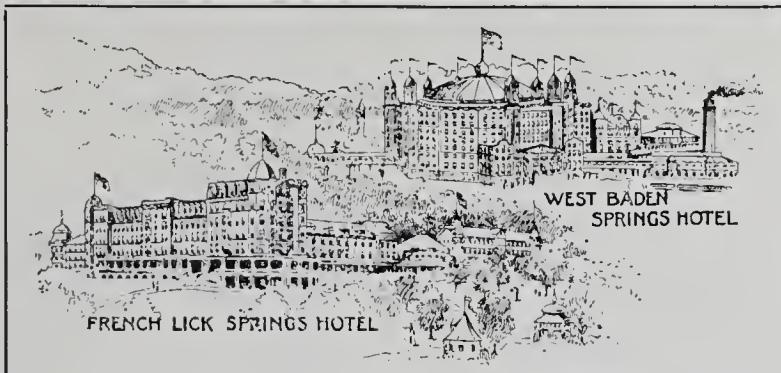
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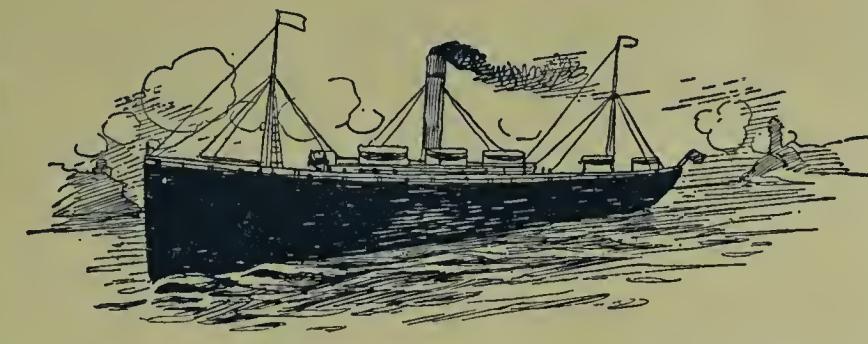
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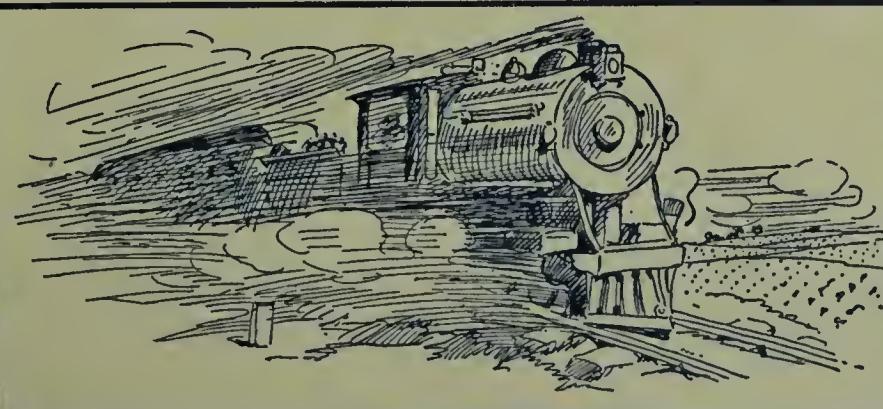
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